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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the Asiatic Journal, Aug. 1820.

NARRATIVE OF A NAUTCH IN HONOUR OF A MARRIAGE.

THE marriage of Neemullick's child was celebrated in a more superb manner than has been usual for some time in India; for though on such an occasion both the wealthy Hindoos and Musselmans are in the habit of giving large fêtes and inviting the whole community, both European and native, to the Nautches, yet it is seldom they incur such a heavy expense in the preparation, or throw such sums away in the execution of the festivities, as was lavished on this occasion; it has, therefore, induced me to make memorandums of what I saw, and the following is as nearly as I can recollect.

The principal entrances to Neemullick's house were decorated and illuminated for a mile on each side, the whole distance having ranges of pasteboard figures of mermaids variously painted, and each figure decorated with a great number of lamps of different colours; as the figures were very close and the streets narrow, the effect of this illumination was very beautiful, and gave as much light as if it were broad day. When we came to the house we were astonished by the sight of an immense gate of a fortress covered with soldiers,

all dressed in the European fashion, and the officers apparently giving orders, whilst the battlements were covered by the inhabitants. All this was exceedingly well executed and looked to the life. After entering under the gateway, we came to a small square, completely covered on every side with pictures, one over the other, from the ground to twelve feet high; and all round the bottom of the square were statues of the natives of almost all climates, some exceedingly well done. The pictures, to be sure, were but sad daubs; yet from the quantity of light and the singularity of their appearance, the dresses or the attitudes of the individuals in the portraits (all intended for Europeans) it was altogether an amusing sight. From this small square we entered into a larger one; and here the scene of enchantment apparently commenced. To describe this would require the fairy pen of Queen Mab dipped in the hues of the rainbow and adorned with the Gossamer's wing; for such an extraordinary sight bursts on the vision, as almost to overpower one's senses. A faint idea may be collected from the following rapid sketch of what is not

to be described, but which to be appreciated must be seen.

On entering the square, after your eyes have been accustomed to the first blaze of light, which throws an almost intolerable degree of splendour on the sumptuous building which you are then able to see, you observe that the whole square is nearly filled by a fairy palace, in the shape of a parallelogram; its sides being at about one hundred feet by seventy feet. The interior of this building is composed of an inner room with a broad colonnade all round; the roof is supported by two ranges of pillars glittering apparently with precious stones, but which, in fact, is tinsel of various colours made to imitate a silver ground studded with jaspers, agate, onyx, emeralds, and other stones. The upper part of the outer range of pillars had a beautiful cornice, with apparently a veranda beyond it, so well executed, that many went up to it under the illusion that they might walk in it. The pillars have lights attached to them, by which a magnificent effect is produced. The inner room has a throne at the end opposite the entrance; the throne is raised about two feet, and the ground is composed of rich red velvet; the canopy of the same was supported by four golden pillars beautifully fluted and lit by two immense clusters of lights multiplying by a dozen in a branch. The whole of the inner room, except a portion in the centre, where chairs were placed for the Europeans, was covered with red velvet formed into cushions and places to sit on. The roof was ornamented with pictures and hung with splendid chandeliers. The room was open on the sides, but the visitors were prevented coming in, except through the doorway, by the velvet cushions between the pillars being elevated three feet from the ground. All the cornices and places where pictures were not hung, were most beautifully ornamented with

the same materials the pillars were composed of; and the inner range of pillars along the side of the room was thrown into arches variously decorated with coats of arms and other embellishments. The *tout ensemble* was grand beyond any thing I had ever seen, and brought to my mind some of the fairy palaces, which the powerful wand of magic, in the Arabian Nights, erected for the favourites of fortune.

At ten o'clock the bridegroom is conducted in great state splendidly attired, and seated under the throne; when the conjurors, dancing girls, and singing ladies, all perform their various parts. If the crowd is very great, the Nautch girls are placed at each corner of the building under the colonnade, and there sing and dance all the night; the centre was occupied by a Cashmerian boy, who performed several wonderful feats. The relations of Neemullick went about presenting nosegays of roses, &c. to the guests, and sprinkling them with rose-water. The crowd was immense; all descriptions of Europeans were admitted for three nights, and of natives for five more. Supper was provided, but amongst such a motley crew of Europeans every thing vanished as speedily as it was produced. One peculiarity attending this Nautch is very uncommon; the band of H. M.'s 17th regt. were allowed to perform in the inner square; and you might thus hear, at the same time, the martial music of England, and the languishing native airs, all very like *Taze e be Taze*, and not very agreeable to my ears: however, it completed the arrangements for gratifying all the senses at once; and altogether this was one of the most extraordinary Nautches I have ever seen in India. The wedding, the artists, presents, &c. are supposed to have cost five lacs of rupees.

Yours, &c.

N. A.

Feb. 5th.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

THE ABBOT OF UNREASON.

(Concluded from page 190.)

HAVING given the reader a summary of particulars collected from the jovial company of domestics, we shall follow Dulsibella to her bower. Alice soon left her to watch the motions of the assemblage in the servants' hall, and she fell into melancholy thoughts of her own situation. A heretic in the eyes of her father and his household, yet convinced she should die to maintain the doctrines they would condemn. During the life of her grandmother, they had not ventured to question her. There seemed to be a tacit compact never to agitate inquiries that must end in discord; but the object of restraint was no more. The Dowager had, indeed, assured her, she had taken effectual measures to secure for her all the privileges of her religion, but was then too feeble to make explanations. Dulsibella brushed away her tears, as a hasty step roused her from her reverie.

"My lady, my dear lady," said Alice, "I have just met the brandy messenger on the stairs, going away. He has made the old folks drunk. I crept into the servants' hall, got the key of the wicket on the table, and locked the hall door, on the outside, hard and fast. If you, my lady, would condescend to disguise yourself like such as I, we could go to the Abbot of Unreason, and have our fortunes read, before the drunken old fools awake."

"Poor souls!" said Dulsibella, "want of employment, or amusement, has insensibly led them to kill time over their cups.—Surely living in the world has at least this one advantage—that people need not betake themselves to oblivion of their rational faculties on account of a deficiency in means to exercise them."

"But my dear lady, shall we not be going; one of your long lawn morning dresses, and your own beautiful ring-

lets, will answer charmingly to make you pass for such as I."

Dulsibella smiled languidly; but assuming a graver aspect, replied, "I will gratify you, Alice, so far as to admit the fortune-tellers by the wicket. I will metamorphose myself into a simple country maid—more simple than you, Alice, that was bred at Edinburgh—but I will not go out of the castle."

"Then, my lady, I will run and overtake the messenger, and bid him send those seers."

Alice ran, though she well knew the messenger, an old acquaintance, waited her instructions. We must abridge our story by omitting the predictions made to the damsels that gathered round the spawwives, warlocks, and interpreters of dreams. They were led by a stately figure in a long black velvet mantle, embroidered with gold. He professed himself the true and lineal descendant of the sage of Ercildown, and must converse with the lady of the castle—the lady Dulsibella. He laid hold of her arm, drawing her apart from her damsels. Dulsibella gently, yet steadily, resented.

"Come with me," said he, "to yonder remote end of the hall. May not these silvered hairs, this grizzled beard, flowing even to my girdle, claim some confidence?"

Dulsibella permitted herself to be led where the communications of the sage could not be overheard.

"Lady Dulsibella! nay, start not—compose thy astonished mind, and know, that although until now I never beheld thy living countenance, each beauteous feature hath long been my admiration. I must speak with thee in private."

He took a lamp. Dulsibella opened an anti-room. Having both entered, the sage closed the door, and said, "Are we overheard? You have attempted

one imposition, lady ; it was harmless : but now to deceive me would injure yourself."

Dulsibella assured him they had no auditor.

"Lady," resumed he, "know you the hand-writing of the Earl of Murray?"

"I know it well. His Lordship's correspondence with my grandmother, the late Baroness, was often by her put into my hands."

"Allow me further to inquire, do you prize liberty of conscience? Would you desire to avoid marriage with a Roman Catholic? Pardon my abrupt and brief interrogatories, lady ; but time presses, and is pregnant with dangers."

"Death, in the most appalling form, would be more welcome than the fate you denounce. Explicitly speak, Sir ; I have courage to fear the worst, and to act as duty and prudence enjoin."

"Spoken in the spirit of the late magnanimous Baroness. Then, lady, peruse this epistle."

The letter came from the Earl of Murray. He counselled and exhorted Dulsibella to accept the guardian protection of the venerable descendant of Ercildown, who would conduct her to the Earl. His Lordship had sent a small fleet to waft her to his domain. Three ladies of honour, and several female attendants, were on board of the ship intended for her passage.—Compliance would not only deliver herself from disastrous nuptials, but likewise extricate her father from the consequence of detected practices against the most sacred rights of Scotland. The cheek of Dulsibella became pale as her snowy neck, and tears hung on her silken eye-lashes.

In a voice that revealed how profoundly her reply interested his very soul, the sage asked her to decide whether she would remain the slave of superstition, or seek rational freedom in flight? Dulsibella looked up. A glowing crimson chased the lily hue from her face on observing the bright dark eyes of the sage fixed upon her.

"Not a moment is to be lost, lady!"

"Alas! to throw myself upon a

world unknown, is terrific ; yet to remain, is more perilous. Lead, Sir ; I follow."

"God so deal with me, as I prove my uprightness and fidelity in this precious trust."

Dulsibella was surprised, yet not displeased, by those expressions, uttered in a tone ardent as tender. The sage led her where a splendid retinue of armed men, in the Earl of Murray's livery, awaited. He raised her on a cushion, and, borne by two footmen, she crossed the narrow path over the moat. In the same manner the sage gained a more open way, where a white palfrey, richly caparisoned, received Dulsibella ; and the sage, with all the agile grace of youth, vaulted upon a war horse. They soon overtook Alice, mounted on a pad behind that messenger who first approached the castle. On board of a ship, three ladies were introduced to Dulsibella, as relatives of her mother. Ten days of fine weather and light winds, brought the fleet to anchor within a mile of the Earl of Murray's castle. During the voyage, no gentleman entered the cabin appropriated for the ladies except the sage, whom Dulsibella found an active and sympathizing assistant in tending these sufferers from sea-sickness. Even the waiting damsels were disqualified from those offices, and required the compassionate kindness of our heroine and her venerable companion.—Her mind, in a feverish state of excitement, repelled uneasy physical sensations ; and the sage, with soothing converse, drew the sting from her afflictive ideas. She felt that to him she could impart, with perfect confidence, every thought ; she related to him the events of her life, her employments, her studies ; and, with unaffected goodness, lamented, that in her sudden departure she had made no permanent provision for her poor pensioners. But her father ! dear, though mistaken parent ! he would take a fond concern in all she had regarded with peculiar interest. Floods of tears followed every allusion of this nature. The sage evidently shared her grief ; while he sought to console her, by

urging, that through her influence the Baron should yet be safe and happy ; and he endeavoured to steal her attention from past or anticipated sorrows, by engaging her on some subject fraught with the rich and select intelligence of his own mind, improved by books and various travels.

The voyagers landed late in the evening. The Earl of Murray received Dulsibella with paternal cordiality ; and after a sumptuous repast they all retired to rest. Next morning the Earl of Murray presented to his fair ward the favourite hero of Holland, the correspondent of her grandmother, young Lord Glenonan. Dulsibella had often mentioned him to the sage, and though he acknowledged having a great affection for his Lordship, he said so little in his praise that the lady was quite unprepared to meet an object so conspicuous in every fascination of person and manners. The inflections of his heart-appealing voice, reminded her of the sage. His eyes had the same animated tenderness of expression when he spoke to her ; but all the attractions of youth sat on his brow, fair and polished as her own, and like her own, half concealed by chesnut ringlets. Many days passed—the sage did not return. Dulsibella had risen early, and, pacing the great hall, tried to divert her thoughts from the companion of her voyage, and his rival, Lord Glenonan, by admiring the cumbrous magnificence of the furniture, when the young hero appeared. This interview produced the usual effect upon two overflowing artless hearts ; and Dulsibella had given a tacit assent for the necessary application to her father and the Earl of Murray, when his Lordship entered. In that era courtly facetiousness had not reached, by many

degress, the pitch of modern refinement. Dulsibella's colour had often been indebted to the Earl of Murray for a brighter roseate ; and now her blushes outglowed the scarlet garments of her lover, when Lord Murray said, " I hope, Lady Dulsibella, you have prevailed with Lord Glenonan to recal the sage, or perhaps his Lordship may be accepted as a substitute."

Lady Dulsibella's spirit a little roused, hastily replied, " I have never seen any lord or gentleman worthy to be a substitute for the sage, as an instructive and delightful companion."

" It is, I see, Lord Glenonan's turn to blush," said the Earl of Murray. " Is he not a very reverend preceptor for a fair novice ? You look incredulous, Lady Dulsibella ; but let me assure you, the sage and Lord Glenonan are identically the same. This was the reason that the ladies and I eluded all your inquiries."

Lady Dulsibella and Lord Glenonan were in a few weeks married with the consent of her father ; and the romantic circumstances of a first acquaintance gilded their recollection to the latest hours of their lives. The portrait of Dulsibella, which the late Baroness sent Lord Glenonan's mother was still his bosom companion, though the lovely original had there a pre-eminent place. This miniature interested Lord Glenonan to attempt the rescue of Dulsibella, while her father left her on the only inducement that could have removed him so far from his castle. The Dowager Baroness, superior to narrow prejudices, directed her interment at Iona with this view ; and the Earl of Murray's protection, granted to her dying intreaty, perfected the undertaking.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANTS.

From the Literary Gazette.

SUCH as we described in our last are the wars of pismires. They have no doubt, their heroes ; and probably their bards, though we presume that historians are unknown to them. It is very curious, that insects should

carry on hostilities in so regular a way ; but the mere *fighting principle* is so common to all animated nature, that their exploits in this way are not, altogether considered, so wonderful as the following :—

“With slight movements of their fore-feet they patted the lateral parts of the head of the other ants. After these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they were observed to raise themselves upon their hind-legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna and then immediately relax their hold to re-commence the attack. They fastened on the thorax or abdomen, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any mischief. They did not spirt forth their venom, as in their combats, nor retain their adversary with that obstinacy which we observe in their serious quarrels. They presently abandoned the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to lay hold of others. I saw some who were so eager in these exercises, that they pursued successively several workers, and struggled with them a few moments, the combat only terminating, when the least animated, having overthrown his antagonist, succeeded in escaping and hiding in one of the galleries.”

Are we not tempted to exclaim with admiration, how wonderful are the ways of providence ! Such contemplations throw man back upon himself ; and the lesson, rightly read, ought to moderate (in rational beings) much of that turmoil and trouble, in which Britain is at this hour involved.

The 6th chapter treats of the relation of ants with the pucerons and gall insects ; and especially of the language of which the antennæ seem to be the organ. On the latter subject we shall make only one extract.

“Imagining (says the author) that I have not presumed too much upon the justness of my conclusions, I have been under the necessity of admitting, that ants possess the means of communicating their different impressions, and I think this faculty consists, in their striking with their head the corslet of their companions, and in the contact of their mandibles ; but these are the common signs of which they make use. The antennæ, the organs of touch, and, per-

haps, of some other sense which is unknown to us, are the principal instruments connected with the language of ants : their situation in the fore part of the head, their flexibility, their construction, which presents a series of articulations, endowed with extreme sensibility ; their close connection with instinct, added to the observations I made, whilst speaking of the conduct of these insects, in reference to the females, males, and labourers, induce me to believe that the antennæ perform the most important offices among ants. We have seen insects frequently use them on the field of battle, to intimate approaching danger, and to ascertain their own party when mingled with the enemy ; they are also employed, in the interior of the ant-hill, to warn their companions of the presence of the sun, so favourable to the developement of the larvæ ; in their excursions and emigrating, to indicate their route ; in their recruitings, to determine the time of their departure, &c. Let us still see of what further service they are to these insects. As ants do not possess the art of constructing magazines, and filling them with provisions, they cannot, like bees, draw their supply from the cells ; they are, therefore, obliged to quit their habitation : those, who remain at home, expect their food from the labourers, who are gone abroad to procure it ; the latter bring back small insects, or the bodies of such as they have dismembered. When they fall in with ripe fruit, or animals of tender flesh, as worms, lizards, &c. and are not able to convey them to the ant-hill, they feed upon their juices, and on their return to their habitation, their stomachs being filled with the liquid provision, they disgorge it in the mouths of their companions, which is effected in this manner :—the ant, who experiences hunger, begins striking with both its antennæ, with an extremely rapid movement, the antennæ of the ant from whom it waits its supply ; it then draws closer, with its mouth open, and its tongue extended, to receive the fluid, which is observed to pass from the mouth of one to that of the other : during this operation, the

ant who is receiving aliment, does not cease caressing its kind friend, by continuing to move its antennæ with great quickness; it also plays upon the lateral parts of the head of its benefactor, with its fore-feet, which are furnished with very thick brushes, and which, from the delicacy and rapidity of their movement, yield in no respect to the antennæ. The ant, who returns from foraging in the fields, is well acquainted with the mode of informing its companions of the necessity under which it lies, of discharging a part of the fluid with which it is provided, and by the aid of its antennæ, appears to invite them to come and take their portion; but it does not, in this case, make use of the fore-feet. This language is well understood by these insects; even the larvæ, who know how to demand their nourishment, (by raising their head, as we have before remarked,) erect themselves, and present their mouths, as soon as they perceive the ant striking with its antennæ the upper part of their body."

The intimacy of ants with pucerons, is a remarkable example of animal economy.

"We know that a great number of vegetables furnish provision to the *Pucerons*, or *Aphides*. These insects fix themselves upon the leaves, or small branches, and insinuate their trunk or sucker between the fibres of the bark, where they find the most substantial nourishment. A portion of this aliment, shortly after being taken, is expelled, under the form of small limpid drops, either by the natural passage, or by two horns, that we commonly observe on the posterior part of the body. This fluid constitutes the principal support of the ants. We have already noticed, that they wait the moment when the pucerons eject this precious manna, upon which they (the ants) immediately seize; but this is the least of their talents, for they know how to obtain it at any time they wish."

With the gall insects the mode is equally curious. Mr. H. says—

"I was very much astonished when I saw, for the first time, an ant ap-

proach a gall insect, and perform with its antennæ, on its lower extremity, the same manœuvres, which it executed in respect to the pucerons. After having a few moments caressed this insect, I saw proceed from its back, a large drop of fluid, which the ant immediately lapped up. I observed the same occurrence, with reference to other gall insects on the same tree, during several seasons. They were stationed in great number upon an enlarged part of the trunk. The ants came there constantly to receive their provisions, which was fully confirmed by my observing these insects upon an orange tree, where I saw the ants obtain from them their food in the same manner. We can only compare the movements of ants upon this occasion, to the play of the fingers in a shake upon the piano-forte.

"The kermes, like the pucerons, eject this fluid to a distance when the ants are not present to receive it; this, however, but rarely happens. The gall insects of the vine, the peach, and the mulberry-tree, never failed presenting me with the same spectacle; which gave me some general ideas respecting the relation which exists between the instincts of these insects and that of ants. That the pucerons and the gall insects experience pleasure when caressed in this way by the ants; that it is an advantage to them to be earlier rid of their secretions; or that there really exists between each, some kind of language, is still one of those questions upon which we cannot well decide: but we shall not the less admire the manner in which ants procure their subsistence. This fluid is to them an inexhaustible treasure. It will be enough, to be convinced of this truth, to station one's self near an oak covered with these insects, where we shall, soon after, observe thousands of ants ascending and descending the trunk. All those ascending have small bellies, and walk nimbly; those, on the contrary, descending, have their abdomen swollen, transparent, full of the fluid obtained from these insects, and do not move but with difficulty."

The ants store their nests with pucerons. "There are ants that scarcely

ever quit their abode ; we neither observe them moving towards trees or their fruit ; they do not even go in chace of other insects ; they are, notwithstanding, extremely common in our meadows and orchards. I allude to the Yellow Ants, called by the common people Red Ants, and which would merit the surname of *souterraines*. They are two lines in length, their body is of a pale yellow colour, slightly transparent, and covered with hair.

"I knew where all the other ants sought and obtained their nourishment ; but I could not ascertain what these did to exist, and what aliment they could furnish themselves with, without quitting their habitation ; when, one day having turned up the earth of which their nest was composed, to discover if they had any provision, I found it to contain the pucerons. I saw them at the roots of the grass which surrounded the ant-hill. They were assembled

in considerable numbers, and were of different species : the most common, were of a flesh colour, and of a round form ; others were white, and had the body more flattened ; but they were of the same genus. There were also some that were green and violet coloured, others with black and green rays ; the latter stood higher upon their legs, and were much longer. Some were removed to a great depth, attached to the deeper part of the roots ; others were wandering about in the midst of the ants, either in the upper, or underground chambers. The ants appeared to seize the favourable moment for taking their food ; they acted in the ordinary manner, and always with the same success. This clearly explained, why the ants of this species did not quit their abode, since they had, without leaving it, all that was necessary for their support."

From the European Magazine.

A FRAGMENT OF ROMANCE.

DISMALLY creaked the massy doors, when the Squire Bazlo had given the fourth blast on the brazen horn, which hung suspended from the mouldering wall. "Light of chivalry !" said the Squire, "dare not the unknown fiends, which the dolorous sounds we have heard, plainly shew, infest this gloomy fortress :"—Alberto without giving ear to the voice of his cautious Squire, called aloud—"Ye inhabitants of this secluded pile, fiends ! or men ! come forth ; if men, my single arm shall proudly shew its master ; if fiends, beware the emblem which I bear, and tremble !" thrice did the hardy knight repeat his menacing challenge, and thrice was he alone answered by echo ; which reverberated his deep tones with horrible exactness from ravine, steep-rock, and woody-glen.

Bazlo could brave death in all its forms, on the sanguinary plain ; but his soul felt something like dismay on entering upon an achievement which, with its dangers, was wrapped up in the

mystery of superstition ; and the ten-fold darkness of that awful hour ; except when the blue lightnings streamed along the expanse of ether, or, with a bolder burst of vivid blasting light, threatened the imperious forests with destruction.

Not so the Knight, he had a voice within his breast which said, thou art to brave all dangers ; thy oath enjoins thee to rescue the oppressed, and hurl down the oppressor : "O Saffalena ! angel of my soul," said the Knight, "shall I not prove myself worthy of thee ; should I rush back on my former path, how could I approach thee, thou imperious, but lovely beauty !—Bazlo, make fast our coursers to yon huge trunk"—the Squire silently obeyed ; but an instant after a deafening thunder clap was heard, and a fire ball struck and shivered a massy oak ; with headlong fury rushed the snorting coursers far, far, from danger :—"Your lance is shivered," said the Squire, "your gleaming mail will next attract the lightning's flash, Sir Knight, and there will end this bright adventure in

your death: our steeds are fled," repeated Bazlo:—"Well!" said Alberto, "we must advance and dare the unknown horrors of those gloomy walls:"—he then commended himself to the all ruling power, and pressing to his lips the richly embroidered scarf, wrought by the fair hand of Saffalena, he rushed towards the huge portcullis gate.—"By my faith," said the Squire, "this is the least to my taste of any adventure we have had; perchance, the dungeon's heap may end it; and chains, with dainty mouldering crusts and water, be our lot for life;—but come, Bazlo, thou must have a little fair play first:" saying this, he unchained a massy iron mace from his side, and with swift speed followed his lord.

Silent and dark was the ancient hall, but the lightning continuing at intervals, shewed the dimensions to be great, and huge doors appeared half opened, leading to unknown passage vaults; "Well," said the Squire, "here we are safe from the dreadful fury of the storm; so be content, Sir Knight, with having thus far achieved without broken bones, or loss of fame, your entrance to a castle, the inhabitants of which, from the sounds we have heard, do not appear to behave with like courtesy to all who have gained entrance."—"Achieved?" said the Knight hastily, "nothing is achieved?"—"Every thing we could wish," answered Bazlo, with quickness; "are we not sheltered from the storm? and that is the greatest achievement I could wish on such a night."—"You forget yourself, Bazlo," said the Knight, with harshness.—"I never forget that you are my lord, and that your safety is dearer to me than my own," replied the Squire with half choked voice.—"Bazlo," said Alberto, "I am hasty, thou well knowest my temper, why then urge me thus? this is no time for merriment, we are not at the banquet feast!"—"We are not," groaned out the Squire.

Now horrible dismal sounds issued from the direction of the vaulted passages.—"The centre one shall be our way," exclaimed the Knight, grasping at the moment his glittering well tried sword.—"The saints protect us," ejacu-

lated Bazlo, and quickly followed the Knight, who had disappeared in the dark avenue.—Alberto found the ground to descend to a steepness which required caution, and many furlongs had he traced, when the thundering noise of falling waters struck upon his ear; forward he continued his intrepid course, when turning an angle of the massy vaulted passage, an hideous subterranean cataract opposed his further progress: huge were the rocky fragments hurled from above. Alberto for a moment shrunk from the undertaking further search, but the wild and dismal groans which mingled with the savage water's roar, banished personal fear from the breast of the valorous Knight, and calling aloud on the Squire to follow, he dashed into the whirling gulf: Bazlo answered by braving the roaring torrent.

"Great! great! should have been the reward of such resplendent valour;" exclaims the aged narrator of this achievement; but, alas! the days of chivalry are past; the savage oppressors, the gallant Alberto and his valorous Squire have long found rest in the gloomy grave; where? where? shall a Knight spring up of equal fame? The beautiful Saffalena too! that star of excellence is food for the worm of death:—pardon, ye readers of other times, this tribute to such splendid worth. The narrator thus continues.—They passed the horrible break of waters in safety, and climbing the rugged bank, rushed forward to brilliant exploit; [the fearful groans continuing at intervals] and again striking into a dismal vault, they began to ascend, when the path became lighter, a second hall appeared, lighted by a brazen lamp of great circumference; but this hall was of unknown magnitude, and supported by stupendous bulks of rock: murmurs were then heard as of a retiring multitude, and more than once Alberto thought he could discover the gleam of mail, receding into the horrible darkness; "we are not without company, perchance more than we could wish, Sir Knight," said Bazlo.—Alberto had followed hard upon the retiring mail armed figures, and with a sudden grasp, he seized the mantle of one, but

it quitted its owner, and remained in the hand of the intrepid Knight:—"Pursue not, rash Knight!" exclaimed a terrible voice: "myriads shall blast thy headstrong deed! if"—"If what?" asked the Knight furiously;—a tremendous blow was the answer, which headlong drove Alberto to the earth; stunned with its force he lay an helpless victim to their fury; but the unknown assailants were gone. The Knight had scarce recovered, when a deep groan issued from a spot near where he lay; Alberto arose, still grasping his trusty blade, together with the unknown's mantle, and with loud voice he conjured the groaning victim to name his wrongs.—"Wrongs!" instantly repeated a voice, which he recognised to be that of his faithful Squire; "I know not whether they are not in the right, all night have we been seeking for what I have got at last; a splendid achievement this!" continued the prostrate Squire.—"Rise," said the Knight, "and quickly follow me, if thou art able?"—"As to that," answered Bazlo, "I am able and willing to follow you even unto death, Sir Knight, but for this time let us rest content with the exploit of battered heads." The Squire then arose, and both groping their way arrived within the gloomy range of light, which cast its sullen rays from the centre of the vast hall: scarcely had they time to glance with cautious eyes around, when a huge fragment of rock, thrown from a catapult, or some massive engine of war, whirled with ter-

rible noise along the spaceless void, and dashed into a thousand atoms the brazen lamp.—"A lucky hit!" cried the Squire, "and a more lucky miss, if meant for our service; by my right as a Squire, the fellow who directed that present was no fool at his vocation; Sir Knight, this has but proved a dark adventure."—"Bazlo," said the Knight, "thou art a happy mortal to jeer thus with thy desperate fortune, perchance on the brink of eternity."—"Tis too late to grieve," replied the Squire, "I had my dose of that when I entered this hellish fortress; but the advice of a faithful vassal would not then serve, and here we may as well rejoice at the last miss, as be in sorrow at our gloomy prospects."—"Enough," answered Alberto, "thou hast proved thyself a man worthy to direct a prince! hereafter if we are spared, thy prudent counsels shall not be rejected."—"Then you are convinced, my noble lord, that prudence is sometimes a virtue, even to Knight-errants," said Bazlo.—"I am," answered the gallant Knight, "I weighed my means by my wishes, and found them wanting; valour ought, I find, to be tempered with prudence."—Proceeding as well as the extreme darkness would admit, they had nearly reached the extremity of the vast hall, when suddenly Bazlo's feet gave way, and headlong was heard the fall of the faithful Squire, down a horrible chasm:—In silent horror stood the Knight * * * * *

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

From the Literary Gazette.

IT may happen, that, although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of society may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, and literary or political eminence, than in any metro-

polis of Europe. Yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, "is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But in London it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or to see often those that we have loved before. There are such numbers of ac-

quaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish in vain to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for three months, when the dice-box of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James' Street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so thick that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some "very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and the warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence, we hear continually such conversations as the following:—"Ah! how d'ye do? I am delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?"—"She is very well, thank you."—"Has she any more children?"—"Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years."—"Or, "My dear friend, how d'ye do,—you have been out of town some time where have you been—in Norfolk?"—"No, I have been two years in India."

Thus, ignorant of one another's interest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting-card. Nor is it much better,—indeed it is much worse,—if you renounce the world, and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connections: if you go to see them at one o'clock they are not up; at two the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the

night before, and of course are sooner listened to than yourself; at three they are gone shopping; at four they are in the Park: at five and at six they are out; at seven they are dressing; at eight they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening. Thus you are left in solitude: you soon begin again to try the world;—let us see what it produces.

The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. To pass the day *impransus*, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and common stomachs. Some learned persons, indeed, endeavour to support this practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women, however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon, at three or four: if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed: first the host and hostess (or her unfortunate co-adjutor) are employed during three parts of dinner, in doing the work of the servants, helping fish, or carving large pieces of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes for a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the *plateau*, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession, so

that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do ; so that you may have no farther trouble than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink at your own time, of the wines which are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before-hand on the silence, dullness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

Some time after dinner comes the time of going to a ball, or a rout ; but this is sooner said than done : it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating except by signs ; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, and stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are lost ; wit

loses its point, and sagacity its observation ; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particularly well-drest ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, when he says, in the plains of Syria, that some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country ; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than "Have you been here long?"—"Have you been at Mrs. Hotroom's?"—"Are you going to Lady Deathsqueeze's?" Hence, too, Madame de Stael said, very justly, to an Englishman, "*Dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.*" But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare to do so, as twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot ; and even when, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often dismiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying, "My dear Mr. —, how do you do?" and then continue in conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At one o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes ; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours of playing at company, which you have already had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening.

AMERICA.

From the Literary Gazette, September, 1820.

OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, ON THE UNITED STATES.

M——, 21st June, 1820.

I HAVE resided some time in America, and believe myself tolerably well acquainted with the state of commerce and manufactures in the United States ; and cannot but wish, for the good of so many deluded people, to destroy, as far as lies in my power,

the false representations which are entertained of this country, and which are particularly supported by those whose interest and selfish purposes require it. Having arrived about three weeks ago in Hamburgh, my information is recent and authentic ; and having no other motive than to counteract

the delusions which are assiduously spread abroad concerning that country, I shall speak the truth and nothing but the truth.

The proposal (which is mentioned in an article in the *Gazette of Spire*) to prohibit the importation of all woollen, cotton, and iron goods into the United States, has indeed been made to the congress; there was however never any talk of an absolute prohibition, but merely of an inconsiderable addition to the present import duty, in order, by this means, as they supposed, to bring the American manufactures to such perfection that they might maintain the competition with those of foreign countries. But this proposal will never be adopted, for this reason; first, because the landowners, who are the far larger part of the American people, are so decidedly against it, and the members of the congress having been elected by the people, dare not vote but according to their pleasure; secondly because the American manufactures, even with additional import duties, which at the most can be only from 40 to 50 per cent, will never support the competition with the foreign, consequently an additional impost duty would never accomplish the proposed object.

In the last war with England, the American manufactures rapidly flourished, merely because they had no others to contend with. Suppose a cloth coat which a farmer can now buy for ten or twelve dollars better than at that time for eighty to one hundred dollars, should be again raised to this price, it is very natural to suppose that he would vote against such a measure. Manufactures do not spring up like plants in hot houses; they require many years, much experience, immense capitals, and a contentedness with respect to the enjoyments of life, which the American never had nor ever will have. Supposing such an act passed in congress, how will the immense deficiency in the revenue be covered, which would be the consequence, if the importation of foreign goods was so much decreased, or was perhaps even totally given up; as the constitution will not admit of a land

tax, and the farmer who is firmly attached to it, never would consent to pay one.

The internal wealth of the United States which the article mentions, is very inconsiderable, and rather decreases than increases; for according to my ideas it consists in the prosperity of trade and commerce, in the quick circulation of money; but now the first are very much declining in North America, and the money is like a mere article of merchandize; bank notes, which are almost the whole currency, being always at a discount, and continually varying in value.

Of what service is it to the individual or to the country, if large tracts of uncultivated land are ploughed and the farmer does not find a market for his superfluous produce, and must therefore suffer that to spoil which he does not want for his own use?

Surely the internal wealth of a country cannot be established by such means. But that the American manufactures can be brought to such a height as to be exported and thus to enter into competition with those of Europe, is so far beyond the limits of probability, that it is wholly unnecessary for me to adduce any arguments on the subject; if they are unable to support the competition with strangers in their own country, with protecting duties of 40 or 50 per cent, how will they be able to compete with the Europeans in other parts of the world? The sixty cotton, and the thirty-six woollen manufactories, are inconsiderable in themselves, and are besides only in the northern states, including Maryland, and extend no farther to the south: they manufacture only goods of very inferior quality, and may therefore be said merely to vegetate. America has indeed natural advantages, and all the raw materials in abundance; but this is not sufficient; there are required besides hands, skill, long experience, capital, and many essential things which they are far, very far from possessing. It is only on the Ohio or Mississippi that steam boats are established for the conveyance of goods; on all the other rivers they only carry pas-

sengers. The taxes are in truth insignificant, and in the *interior* of the country provisions extremely cheap; but this will not make manufactures thrive, when the most essential requisite is wanting. The influx of strangers will not greatly increase the population; for it is a fact, that by the highly exaggerated delusive notions of this country, which were designedly circulated, many thousand persons have been brought to want, misery, and death; and last year many vessels with English, Irish, and French, returned back, which they would scarcely have done if they had met with great success there. The distinctive epidemic peculiar to America and the West Indies (the yellow fever) has carried off, in the southern states, by far the greater part of the strangers lately arrived, including even the North Americans themselves; which has induced the state of Georgia to issue an ordinance prohibiting the importation of strangers during the unhealthy season, which is from May to October.

If, at Savannah, *all* foreigners died, and, in New Orleans, a city containing 25,000 inhabitants, of whom only 8000 are whites, 50 persons died daily, and 1,409 in five weeks, this is surely not the land of promise, whither every body should desire to travel. It is to be wished, for the sake of humanity, that the deceitful nimbus which hangs over that country may be at length dispelled which has cost Germany so many thousands of her sons, and millions of money that never return. The preponderance of the English manufactures is not temporary, but firmly established for a long time to come. In the large towns on the Atlantic, there are very insignificant manufactories, or

rather none at all; for a weaver who has two, or at the most, three looms, cannot well be called a manufacturer: Besides Pittsburgh, Zanesville, Cincinnati, and Lexington, are quite insignificant towns, and the last three in particular, are going to decay, in consequence of the banking system, the notes often being at a discount of 50 or 60 per cent. compared with money, and frequently not being current at any exchange. At Marietta, a small town in the state of Pennsylvania, a house which was built only four years ago, at an expence of 16,000 dollars, was sold last winter for as many hundreds; and such instances are not rare. It is not to be denied, that the Americans have a great talent for mechanics, particularly in building bridges and ships, (though the most skillful bridge-builder in Pennsylvania is a German); but in manufacturing machinery, they have hitherto done but little, as almost all that they possess is of English origin. According to my conviction, therefore, it is impossible that the seven or eight millions of Americans will soon be able to produce as many manufactories as the 15 millions of English and Irish. The South American gold and silver mines lie as near to the English, and the West of Europe, as to the Northern States of America, which alone have any manufactories: for it requires as much time to sail to South America from New Orleans, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c. as from the ancient hemisphere, because all vessels sailing from those ports are obliged to proceed nearly off Madeira, and then steer south-west, if they can gain the wind; they therefore require as much time as those that sail from Europe.

From the Literary Gazette.

TOUR IN NORMANDY.

BY DAWSON TURNER.

THOUGH the principal object of this tour has been to examine the rich and curious Ancient Architecture of Normandy; and though by far the

largest portion of these volumes is devoted to the illustration of that interesting inquiry; the collateral parts, the historical debris, and the remarks on customs,

manners, costume, and internal economy, are written in so agreeable a style, that the general reader will find as much to please him, as the antiquary to admire, in Mr. Turner's labours. Some botanical notices will also be met with; but the charm of the whole lies in the easy gentlemanly way in which the facts, gathered by an enlightened perception and an elegant feeling for the fine arts, are communicated. It is like being in company with persons of taste and understanding: they not only take up such matters as are most worthy of attention, and reject what are trite and frivolous; but they place in the clearest view what they do take up, and adorn whatever they deem deserving of their regards.

The author sets out with an account of Dieppe, and certainly draws a more novel and interesting picture of that Town, than we have before seen in any English writer. Among other topics, he dwells on the suburb called Pollet and its inhabitants, of whom the description is rather remarkable.

"Three-fourths of the natives of this part of the town are fishermen, and not less effectually distinguished from the citizens of Dieppe by their name of Poltese, taken from their place of residence, than by the difference in their dress and language, the simplicity of their manners, and the narrow extent of their acquirements. To the present hour they continue to preserve the same costume as in the XVIth century; wearing trowsers covered with wide short petticoats, which open in the middle to afford room for the legs to move, and woollen waistcoats laced in the front with ribbands, and tucked below into the waistband of their trowsers. Over these waistcoats is a close coat, without buttons or fastenings of any kind, which falls so low as to hide their petticoats and extend a foot or more beyond them. These articles of apparel are usually of cloth or serge of a uniform colour, and either red or blue; for they interdict every other variation, except that all the seams of their dress are faced with white silk galloon, full an inch in width. To complete the whole, instead of hats, they have on their heads caps of

velvet or coloured cloth, forming a *tout-ensemble* of attire, which is evidently ancient, but far from unpicturesque or displeasing. Thus clad, the Poltese, though in the midst of the kingdom, have the appearance of a distinct and foreign colony; whilst, occupied incessantly in fishing, they have remained equally strangers to the civilization and politeness, which the progress of letters during the last two centuries has diffused over France. Nay, scarcely are they acquainted with four hundred words of the French language; and these they pronounce with an idiom exclusively their own, adding to each an oath, by way of epithet; a habit so inveterate with them, that even at confession, at the moment of seeking absolution for the practice, it is no uncommon thing with them to *swear* they will be guilty of it no more. To balance, however, this defect, their morals are uncorrupted, their fidelity is exemplary, and they are laborious and charitable, and zealous for the honour of their country, in whose cause they often bleed, as well as for their priests, in defence of whom they once threatened to throw the Archbishop of Rouen into the river; and were well nigh executing their threats."

Dieppe itself was a despotic Seignory belonging to the Archbishops of Rouen, to one of whom it was assigned by our Richard the 1st. The church government seems to have been of the most oppressive and obnoxious sort; the prelate-lord not scrupling to convert even the wages of sin into a source of revenue, as scandalous in its nature, as it must have been contemptible in its amount, by exacting from every prostitute a weekly tax of a farthing, for liberty to exercise her profession. The annexed extract will not seem strange after the record of so disgraceful a fact.

"Many uncouth and frivolous ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies of the middle ages, which good sense had banished from most other parts of France, where they once were common, still lingered in the archbishop's seignory. Thus, at no very remote period, it was customary on the Feast of Pentecost to cast burning flakes of tow from the

vaulting of the church : this stage-trick being considered as a representation of the descent of the fiery tongues. The Virgin, the great idol of popery, was honoured by a pageant, which was celebrated with extraordinary splendour ; and as I must initiate you in the mysteries of catholicism, I think you will be well pleased to receive a detailed account of it. The ceremony I consider as curiously illustrative of the manners of the rulers, of the ruled, and of the times ; and I will only add, by way of preface, that it was instituted by the governor, Des Marêts, in 1443, in honour of the final expulsion of the English, and that he himself consented to be the first master of the *Guild of the Assumption*, under whose auspices and direction it was conducted.—About Midsummer the principal inhabitants used to assemble at a Hôtel de Ville, and there they selected the girl of the most exemplary character, to represent the Virgin Mary, and with her six other young women, to act the parts of the Daughters of Sion. The honour of figuring in this holy drama was greatly coveted ; and the historian of Dieppe gravely assures us, that the earnestness felt on the occasion mainly contributed to the preservation of that purity of manners and that genuine piety, which subsisted in this town longer than in any other of France ! But the election of the Virgin was not sufficient : a representative of St. Peter was also to be found among the clergy ; and the laity were so far favoured that they were permitted to furnish the eleven other apostles. This done, upon the fourteenth of August the Virgin was laid in a cradle of the form of a tomb, and was carried early in the morning, attended by her suite of either sex, to the church of St. Jacques ; while before the door of the master of the guild was stretched a large carpet, embroidered with verses in letters of gold, setting forth his own good qualities, and his love for the holy Mary. Hither also, as soon as *Laudes* had been sung, the procession repaired from the church, and then they were joined by the governor of the town, the members of the guild, the municipal offi-

cers, and the clergy of the parish of St. Remi. Thus attended, they paraded the town, singing hymns, which were accompanied by a full band. The procession was increased by the great body of the inhabitants ; and its impressiveness was still farther augmented by numbers of the youth of either sex, who assumed the garb and attributes of their patron saints, and mixed in the immediate train of the principal actors. They then again repaired to the church, where *Te Deum* was sung by the full choir, in commemoration of the victory over the English, and high mass was performed, and the Sacrament administered to the whole party. During the service, a scenic representation was given of the Assumption of the Virgin. A scaffolding was raised, reaching nearly to the top of the dome, and supporting an azure canopy intended to emulate the 'spangled vault of heaven ;' and about two feet below the summit of it appeared, seated on a splendid throne, an old man, as the image of the Father Almighty, a representation equally absurd and impious, and which could alone be tolerated by the votaries of the worst superstitions of popery. On either side four paste-board angels of the size of men floated in the air, and flapped their wings in cadence to the sounds of the organ ; while above was suspended a large triangle, at whose corners were placed three smaller angels, who, at the intermission of each office, performed upon a set of little bells the hymn of '*Ave Maria Gratiâ Dei plena per Secula,*' &c. accompanied by a larger angel on each side with a trumpet. To complete this portion of the spectacle, two others, below the old man's feet, held tapers, which were lighted as the services began, and extinguished at their close ; on which occasions the figures were made to express reluctance by turning quickly about ; so that it requires some dexterity to apply the extinguishers. At the commencement of the mass, two of the angels by the side of the Almighty descended to the foot of the altar, and, placing themselves by the tomb, in which a paste-board figure of the Virgin had been substituted for her

living representative, gently raised it to the feet of the Father. The image, as it mounted, from time to time, lifted its head and extended its arms, as if conscious of the approaching beatitude, then, after having received the benediction and been encircled by another angel with a crown of glory, it gradually disappeared behind the clouds. At this instant a buffoon, who all the time had been playing his antics below, burst into an extravagant fit of joy; at one moment clapping his hands most violently, at the next stretching himself out as if dead. Finally, he ran up to the feet of the old man, and hid himself under his legs, so as to shew only his head. The people called him *Grimaldi*, an appellation that appears to have belonged to him by usage, and it is a singular coincidence that the surname of the noblest family of Genoa the Proud, thus assigned by the rude rabble of a seaport to their buffoon, should belong of right to the sire and son, whose *mopes* and *mowes* afford pastime to the upper gallery at Covent-Garden.

"Thus did the pageant proceed in all its grotesque glory, and, while—

'These labor'd nothings in so strange a style

'Amazed the unlearned, and made the learned smile,' the children shouted aloud for their favourite *Grimaldi*; the priests, accompanied with bells, trumpets, and organs, thundered out the mass; the pious were loud in their exclamations of rapture at the devotion of the Virgin; and the whole church was filled with 'un non so che di rauco ed indistinto.'—But I have told you enough of this foolish story, of which it were well if the folly had been the worst. The sequel was in the same taste and style, and ended with the euthanasia of all similar representations, a hearty dinner."

The following is curious:

"The date of the erection of the chapel (of a supposed Lazar-house, dedicated to St. Julian three miles from Rouen,) is well ascertained. The hospital was founded in 1183, by Henry Plantagenet, as a priory for the reception of unmarried ladies of noble blood, who were destined for a religious life, and had the misfortune to be afflicted

with leprosy. One of their appellations was *filles meselles*, in which latter word, you will immediately recognize the origin of our term for the disease still prevalent among us, the *measles*. Johnson strangely derives this word from *morbili*; but the true northern roots have been given by Mr. Todd, in his most valuable republication of our national dictionary; a work which now deserves to be named after the editor, rather than the original compiler. It may also be added, that the word was in common use in the old Norman French, and was plainly intended to designate a slight degree of scurvy. The Norfolk farmers and dairy-maids tell us to this day of *measley pork*; in Scotch, a leper is called a *mesel*; and, among the Swedes, the word for measles is one nearly similar in sound, *mäss-ling*. The French academy, however, have refused to admit *meselle* to the honour of a place in their language, because it was obsolete or vulgar in the time of Louis XIII. The word is expressive, and no better one has supplied its place; and we may suppose that it was introduced by the Norman conquerors, and that it properly belongs to the Gothic tongues, in the whole of which the root is to be found more or less modified. Instances of this kind, and they are many, serve as additional proofs, if proofs indeed we needed, of the common origin of the Neustrian Normans, of the Lowland Scots, and of the Saxon and Belgian tribes, who peopled our eastern shores of England."

The great bell of Rouen Cathedral, called *Georges d'Amboise*, weighed 33,000 lbs. Its diameter at the base was 30 feet, its height 10; and 30 stout ringers could hardly *persuade* it to swing. But, says our author, "after all, this great bell proved, like a great book, a great nuisance: the sound it uttered was scarcely audible; and, at last, in an attempt to render it vocal, upon a visit paid by Louis XVth to Rouen in 1786, it was cracked. It continued, however, to hang, a gaping-stock to children and strangers, till the revolution, in 1793, caused it to be returned to the furnace, whence it re-issued in the shape of can-

non and medals, the latter commemorating the pristine state of the metal with the humiliating legend, 'monument de vanité détruit pour l'utilité.' "

"The laws of France do not recognize monastic vows; but of late years, the clergy have made attempts to re-establish the communities which once characterised the Catholic church. To a certain degree they have succeeded: the spirit of religion is stronger than the law; and the spirit of contradiction, which teaches the subject to do whatever the law forbids, is stronger than either. Hence, most towns in France contain establishments, which may be considered either as the embers of expiring monachism, or the sparks of its reviving flame. Rouen has now a convent of Ursulines, who undertake the education of young females. The house is spacious; and for its neatness, as well as for the appearance of regularity and propriety, cannot be surpassed. On this account, it is often visited by strangers. The present lady abbess, Dame Cousin, would do honour to the most flourishing days of the hierarchy: when she walks into the chapel, Saint Ethelburgha herself could not have carried the crozier with greater state; and, though she is somewhat short and somewhat thick, her pupils are all wonderfully edified by her dignity. She has upwards of a dozen

English heretics under her care; but she will not compromise her conscience by allowing them to attend the Protestant service. There are also about ninety French scholars, and the inborn antipathy between them and the *insulaires*, will sometimes evince itself. Amongst other specimens of girlish spite, the French fair-ones have divided the English damsels into two genera. Those who look plump and good-humoured, they call *Mademoiselles Rosbifs*; whilst such as are thin and graver acquire the appellation of the *Mademoiselles Goddams*, a name by which we have been known in France, at least five centuries ago. The Ursulines and *sœurs d'Ernemon*, or *sœurs de la Charité*, who nurse the sick, are the only two orders which are now protected by government. They were even encouraged under Napoléon, who placed them under the care of his august parent, *Madame Mère*.---There are other sisterhoods at Rouen, though in small numbers, and not publicly patronized.

"Nuns are thus increasing and multiplying, but monks and friars are looked upon with a more jealous eye; and I have not heard that any such communities have been allowed to re-assemble within the limits of the duchy, once so distinguished for their opulence, and, perhaps, for their piety and learning."

DIARY OF AN INVALID.*

Extracted from the British Critic.

IF all travellers would imitate Mr. Matthews' praiseworthy forbearance we should be spared many a dull and bulky quarto. This gentleman instead of concocting a large book from meagre notes, took care to write down on the spot as much as was necessary for his purpose; and acting upon the maxim of Burns that a line at the moment is worth a cartload of recollection, he has honestly presented the public with little more than a fair and corrected transcript of his journal.

Every body who has been in Paris has probably been led by that perverse curiosity which turns even to the horrible for its food, to witness an execution by the guillotine. Mr. Matthews describes very impressively one he saw at Rome.

"The culprit was a 'fellow with a horrid face,' who had murdered his father. The murder was detected in a singular manner, affording an extraordinary instance of the sagacity and faithful attachment of the dog to its master.

* The Diary of an Invalid; being a Journal of a Tour in pursuit of health; in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, France, &c. By Henry Matthews, Fellow of King's College. London, 1820.

The disappearance of the deceased had given rise to enquiry, and the officers of police went to his cottage, where, on examining his son, they learned that his father had gone out to work as usual, a few days before, and had not been seen since. As the officers were continuing their search in the neighbourhood, their attention was excited by observing a dog, lying in a lone place; who seemed to endeavour to attract their notice, by scratching on some newly turned earth. Their curiosity was excited by something peculiar in his action and manner, to examine the spot;—where they found the body. It would seem that the dog must have been an unobserved witness of his master's murder, and had not forsaken his grave. On returning to the cottage with the body, the son was so struck with the discovery made by the officers by means which he could not divine, that, concluding it must have been by supernatural intimation, he made a full confession of his guilt;—that he had beaten out his father's brains with a mallet, at the instigation of his mother, that he had dragged him to this bye-place, and there buried him. The mother was condemned to imprisonment for life;—the son to the guillotine. He kept us waiting from ten o'clock to almost three; for the execution is delayed till the culprit is brought to a due state of penitence.

"At last the bell rang, the Host was brought from a neighbouring church, that he might receive the last sacrament; and soon afterwards the criminal was led out. *Inglese* was a passport on this as on other occasions. The guards that formed in a square round the guillotine, made way for me to pass; and I was introduced almost against my will, close to the scaffold.

"A crucifix, and a black banner, with deaths' heads upon it, were borne before the culprit, who advanced between two priests. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and did not once flinch till he stooped to put his head into the groove prepared to receive it. This is the trying minute, the rest is the affair of the tenth part of an instant. It appears to be the best of all modes of inflicting the punishment of

death; combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim. It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there were any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance, when the executioner held up the head, I am inclined to believe, that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds, after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation. And indeed there is nothing improbable in this supposition, for in all injuries of the spine, whereby a communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so in the case of decapitation, the muscles and nerves of the face and eyes, may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk."

But guillotining is of little use in a country of thieves. "How do you manage to live here?" said a traveller through the Pontine marshes to some of its livid inhabitants: "we die" was the answer. How are we to prevent robberies? is the enquiry of the Neapolitan government: issue an edict against ransom, is the practical reply: and what is the consequence? of two prisoners who had been kidnapped by banditti, one returned to his friends without ears, because they had not paid enough: the other was sent back in eight pieces, because they had not paid any thing.

There are only eight horses in Venice: four of brass over the gate of the Cathedral, and four of blood in Lord Byron's stable: we know not how the latter fare, but we should fear badly enough if we judge from the astonishment which one of our geological friends excited in the same city by unadvisedly asking for some hay in which he might pack his minerals.

Mr. Matthews narrowly escaped the inundation of the *Val de Bagne*; he had dined at the Inn at *Martigny* two

days only before the calamity occurred ; but it required some speed to outrun the water, which travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. What would Wilson the painter have said to this rapidity ! He stood in speechless admiration for some time over the falls of Ferni, and then broke out in Sir Joshua Reynolds' hearing, with, "Well done, water, by G— !" No description Mr. Matthews says can give a more lively idea of the impression produced by the first sight of this cascade.

But the *ecroulement* of the Rossberg, in the valley of Goldau, in 1806, was more dreadful than this inundation. The masses which thundered down are described as being a league in length, one thousand feet in breadth, and two hundred feet high ; they overwhelmed a party of unhappy travellers, five of the most industrious villages in Switzerland, with many hundred inhabitants, and reduced a cheerful and populous valley to the most shapeless desolation.—

We cannot pass by the reflections which Ferney suggested to Mr. Matthews.

"He built the church of Ferney close to his own gate, as if he had a mind to illustrate the old saying, the nearer the church the further from God ;

"So much for Voltaire, whose merits as an author seem to have been over-rated. Johnson's praise of Goldsmith might with some limitation be applied to him,—*nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetiget non ornavit* ; but though he sparkled in every kind of writing, he did not perhaps shine pre-eminently in more than one. He had more wit than genius, and his forte rather lay in cooking up the thoughts of others with his own *sauce piquante*, than in producing new sources of knowledge. He is perhaps only *maximus in minimis* ; an exquisite writer of a satiric tale ; unrivalled in wit, raillery, and sarcasm ;—and inimitable in 'exposing knaves and painting fools.' Beyond this there is little to say. His epic poetry, his tragedies, and his histories are only extraordinary in their combination. Separately considered, his epic poetry would be placed by all but Frenchmen, in the very lowest class

of epic poems, all that lord Chesterfield says to the contrary notwithstanding ; his tragedies are inferior in force and grandeur to those of Corneille, and in sensibility and pathos to those of Racine. Of his history much is romantic, and the age of Louis XIV. upon which his claims as an historian are founded, is rather the materials for a history, than an historical work. On many subjects it is plain he had but a smattering. Perhaps a stronger instance could not be given of the difference between a mouthful and a belly-full of knowledge, than would be afforded by a comparison of Voltaire's preface to *Œdipe*, with Johnson's preface to Shakspeare.

"His physiognomy, which is said to have been a combination of the eagle and the monkey, was illustrative of the character of his mind. If the soaring wing and piercing eye of the eagle opened to him all the regions of knowledge, it was only to collect materials for the gratification of that apish disposition, which seems to have delighted in grinning, with a malicious spirit of mockery, at the detected weaknesses and infirmities of human nature. Though a man may often rise the wiser, yet I believe none ever rose the *better*, from the perusal of Voltaire. The short but admirable epitaph on him may well conclude his character,

"*Ci git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâtâ.*"

On most objects, whether of nature or of art, Mr. Matthews has singular facility of good expression. Speaking of the Forum at Rome, he says,

"The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum comprises the history of ages. The broken pillars that remain of the Temple of Concord,—the Temple of Jupiter Tonans,—and the Comitium,—tell the tale of former times, in language the most pathetic and intelligible ;—it is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers of description. It would seem as if the destroying angel had a taste for the picturesque ;—for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them."

And again of a sunrise at sea,

"The wind died away last night. A dead calm.—Got up to see the sun

rise.—Much has been said of the splendour of this sight at sea ; but I confess I think it inferior to the same scene on land. There is indeed plenty of the ‘dread magnificence of Heaven,’ but it is all over in a moment. The sun braves the east, and carries the heavens by a *coup-de-main* ; instead of approaching gradually, as he does on land, preceded by a troop of rosy messengers that prepare you for his arrival. One misses the charming variety of the terrestrial scene ;—the wood and water ;—the hill and dale ;—the ‘babbling brook ;’—the ‘pomp of groves and garniture of fields.’ At sea, too, all is in-

animate, for the gambols of the fishes, if they do gambol at their matins, are out of sight ; and it is the effect of morning on living sentient beings that constitutes its great charm. At sea there is no ‘song of earliest birds ;’—the ‘warbling woodland ;’—no ‘whistling plough-boy ;’—nothing, in short, to awaken interest or sympathy. There is magnificence and splendour—but it is solitary splendour.

“Let me rather see ‘the morn, in russet mantle clad, walk o’er the dew of yon high Malvern hill.’ But, alas ! when am I like to behold this sight again ?”

From the London Literary Gazette.

YOUR TEETH !*

WE have made “YOUR TEETH” our Head, for the sake of attracting peculiar attention to the very generally interesting book whose title we have partially extracted in a note. Yet, truly, this may seem needless, since they must be young indeed who are not aware of the importance of the subject, and extremely old who do not care for it. To all who come within the pale of life, from nine months to ninety years ; to all who stand between that period, when time itself is toothless, and that epoch when the devouring jaws of eternity are gaping for their final crash, this work must present much for rumination.

Quackery apart, Monsieur J. R. Duval is a very extraordinary person, as the following analysis “shall fructify unto you.”

The preface is not remarkable for any great discovery, except it be that “Attention to the teeth is necessary at every age ; and even when we have been deprived of some, still it is of very great importance to be able to preserve those which remain.” Our readers will therefore observe, that, however few the number of their remaining grinders may

be, they ought to regard them with due care : in fact, we can well suppose that the value even of a stump augments as its neighbours successively disappear ; as we love the last of our old friends apparently with the whole concentrated affection which we once bestowed on a whole row of them.

But our author does not rest his claim to universal interest on the simple appeal to the personal feelings of every individual ; he sustains himself on the highest classical authorities ; and with all that philosophy and astonishing erudition so happily illustrated by French writers, lays deep the foundations of his theory ; and, accordingly, commences with a chapter containing the “*Advice of the Ancient Poets on the Preservation of the Teeth.*” This, it will be allowed, even by national jealousy, is a genuine, and an original mode of setting out with a treatise on teething and tooth-powders. It would have been long before so brilliant an idea entered the mind of a native of our land of fogs and stupidity.

But to return to Mr. Duval and the ancient poets. Lucretius was, it seems, quite wrong in supposing

* The *Dentiste de la Jeunesse* ; or, the way to have sound and beautiful Teeth, preceded by the advice of the Ancient Poets upon the Preservation of the Teeth, &c. &c. &c. By J. R. Duval, Dentist.

that age demanded the fall of the teeth :

*Nec minus in certo dentes cadere imperat ætas
Tempore.*

Had Mr. Duval practised in those days, the bard would have known better. Ovid was a wiser, as well as a more delicate observer of the teeth.—

Quid si præcipiam, ne fuscet inertia dentes ;

and Horace and Martial were strenuous advocates for keeping them clean. Plautus, Catullus, Herodotus, Palladius, Hippocrates, Juvenal, Macedonius, Petronius, Tibullus, Sammonicus, Galen, Virgil, Apuleius, and a hundred other illustrious authors, fortify Mr. Duval's positions.

"Petronius, in describing the luxury and effeminacy of a certain people, observes that they made use of silver tooth picks. Marshal says "the best tooth pick is the lentisk ; if, however, you cannot procure a tender shoot, you may pick your teeth with a quill," but this was not to be used too freely. Ovid forbids the picking of the teeth in company. The neglect of this rule by Esculapius, probably drew upon him the remonstrance of Martial : "He was almost toothless," says he, "and the toothpick was constantly in his mouth." The coquettes of Greece, when they were laughing, were in the habit of holding a little branch of myrtle, in order to display their beauty, between their teeth ; this trait has not escaped the notice of the comic Alexis ; perhaps however it may have been used for the sake of necessity. Hippocrates, and the other physicians of antiquity, recommended certain substances to be chewed, for the purpose of removing a swelling of the gums, and of fastening loose teeth. From the advantages which have been experienced, some of these have been converted into articles of luxury. Such is the advice given by the ancient poets upon the preservation of the teeth ; it is in vain to observe that Tibullus represents Venus as always sure to please, without having

paid attention to the mouth : it is only by conforming to the precepts of the art, that we can give to the teeth that lustre alluded to by Ovid, in the following expression, "I can perceive your attentions, by the whiteness of your teeth." When Julia presented herself to Manlius, she shone, according to Catullus, by a flowery mouth : she doubtless possessed those teeth of snow so sung by the favourite of the muses, or that row of pearls so extolled by Lucian ; the lustre of which was extolled by Theocritus, as above that of the finest marble of Paros."

Having in this way, and with so much learning, established the fact, that teeth are really useful and ornamental, and ought to be taken care of, our philosophical dentist very judiciously adds, "It is not enough to know with the poets, the mode of treating the teeth adopted by the ancients ; it is of more importance to be acquainted with the best and most likely means of rendering and preserving them in a healthy state."

To supply this information, is the avowed object of his treatise ; and, if it does invariably resolve into the conclusion that you ought always to employ a dentist, that only shows the extreme anxiety of the writer that the best assistance should be at hand for so momentous a matter as dentition and tooth-cleaning.

Should the world not be inclined to buy all these tomes, it may be well to know how much intelligence is contained in *le* (we beg pardon, *the*) Dentiste : and in the first place it is worthy of remark, as Mr. Duval ingeniously states, "that the Latin word which signifies a tooth, is an abbreviation of another word, which implies chewing*, and which proves that the teeth have always been considered by the ancients as formed especially for that operation"!!

This marvellous natural secret being ripped from the mystical and hieroglyphical oracles of the earliest ages ; Mr. D. increases our admiration of his

* Dens quasi dictus edens.

acumen and sagacity by further informing us, that "The teeth are found in most animals which live upon solid food, and they serve naturalists for the purpose of classing them into herbivorous, graminivorous, and carnivorous; and as a man is endowed with all these different kinds, he is called omnivorous, that is, he is intended to eat of all"!!

The Ogre Man, thus felicitously defined by his edacious qualities, is fitted, as our readers who are concerned in the fact will be happy to learn, for his devouring purposes, in the following manner:

"When the mouth is opened the teeth exhibit themselves under the form of two semicircular rows of little white bodies, hard and shining; in the adult they are thirty-two in number, sixteen for each jaw: the four in the middle are flat and cutting, they are therefore called *inscisors* or cutting teeth; from their connection with the four others of the lower jaw, which have the same name, there can be no doubt, that they are intended to cut, when they come in contact, like a pair of scissors. Upon the sides of these in each jaw are two teeth, which are more round and sharp, and which seem made to tear the aliment, like those of dogs, from which they borrow their name (*canine*); they are also called *eye teeth*, because their root being exceedingly long, approaches the eye nearer than those of any other tooth; they do not however communicate with that organ, and the involuntary tears which are observed to flow when one of them is drawn, are also seen upon the extraction of one of the grinders; they are also called *angular teeth*, either on account of their form, or because being placed at each angle of the mouth, they regulate its extent: more backward, and on each side of these teeth, are five others called *molars* or grinders, two small, and three large, whose office it is to grind the food, and have the same effect in mastication as the mill stones have in a mill."

So provided with cutters, tearers, and grinders, including the wisdom teeth, it is strange that men should have fallen

into such a blunder about these members, as to have regarded them as inorganic bodies *without life*, which Mr. Duval assures us has been the case; drawing, at the same time, this very obvious inference from it (for he is literally *savant jusqu'aux dents*) viz. "From this circumstance arose no doubt the ingenious fable, which represents Cadmus as giving birth to men, by sowing the teeth of the dragon which he had slain"!!

Not being quite sure that men were born from teeth, we are, at all events, certain that teeth are exceedingly serviceable appendages to them, after they have been born. In this Mr. Duval bears us out: "If (says he) the orator to whom Rome had the honour of giving birth, compared the teeth to the chords of a musical instrument for the purpose of modifying the sound of the voice; if, in order to speak the Jewish tongue with more grace, St. Jerom caused his teeth to be filed; if they serve physiognomists with the means of calculating the probable longevity and moral character of man, and if they form one of the greatest ornaments of beauty, the parasite in his turn only esteems them for one function more important, in which he puts those organs into action for the purpose of dividing and grinding his aliment, which forms the object of his delight; the freshness of his appearance announces his having masticated well, and consequently the digestion has been perfect; which seems to verify an adage used by the Arabian physicians, "he who does not masticate well is an enemy to his own life." And this admirable axiom is immediately clenched by a quotation from the Arabic! "*Illum qui non benè masticaverit, animam suam odisse constat.*"

The next branch handled by our author is that of the first dentition, or milk teeth; and here again, if he mounts into the third heavens, it will be acknowledged that he has the excuse of some connection with the *Via Lactea*, or Milky Way. His exordium is in a style worthy of him, or of his translator. "Although," says he, "in general den-

tition is only considered as an operation by which the teeth tend to pierce and *traverse* the gums, in order to *arrange themselves in their places*, yet we cannot dispense with the necessity of considering it in a more extended point of view. The teeth, as well as every other part of the body, begin to exist from the earliest moments of life."

Nevertheless, "the child being born, the nourishment destined for him proves that he has no need of teeth during the first year; it is true that infants have been born with one or more teeth, this was the case with a great monarch, (Louis XIV.) in whom the presence of a tooth at his birth seemed the pre-sage of his future greatness."

This prophetic property of teeth is another recommendation to Mr. Duval's work; for it will readily be granted, that so extraordinary a quality, in addition to their common and daily usefulness, renders them of infinitely greater importance than any other organ. M. Duval proceeds to condemn the washing of infants in cold water, as prejudicial to the teeth; and with a marked severity, reprehends the mothers in Scotland for the practice, as giving their children the croup. "It has been remarked (he tells us) that this cruel disease, which speedily suffocates the little sufferers, was endemic or peculiar to Scotland; and it is observable, that the Scotch plunge themselves and their children into cold water, even in the depth of winter"! Nor let any of our southern readers fancy that Mr. Duval approves more of their customs. No, addressing his countrywomen, he says; "To clothe a child as much as is requisite to shelter it from the sudden impressions of heat and cold, is what nature demands for an easy dentition; every where she offers us the example. Let us endeavour rather to imitate her, than to believe that we can do better, and leave to the English to make their children walk barefoot, according to the advice of their writers Locke, Floyer, Hamilton, and others." After this we are not surprized to learn that the French ladies are such admirable nurses that their milk sometimes absolutely *intoxicates* their babies!!

These little drunken animals, however, like other children, about the age of seven years, come to their second dentition or permanent teeth; and in this department Mr. Duval's learning shines once more; "To see, (says he) two rows of teeth, as in the son of Mithridates, or three, as in Hercules, must certainly excite our astonishment: perhaps, we might be tempted to doubt these facts, and consider them only as fables, if in a collection of observations published at Breslaw, in 1772, and dedicated to the celebrated Haller, Arnold had not reported, that he had seen a child, aged fourteen years, who had seventy-two teeth, thirty-two for each jaw, which were healthy and well placed in two rows, except the front ones, which were slightly irregular." The cutting of teeth in very old age, he also tells us, is not in the common course of nature, and facetiously proposes the following epitaph, composed by himself, for the general use of such exceptions to the rules of dentists.

Here lies an old person once toothless and hoary,
Who renew'd all his teeth, and his health and his
hair,

And then was cut off in the height of his glory,
After living two ages devoid of all care.

For these ultra-teethings, and other misconduct, the author mildly remonstrates with nature: that *beneficent* mother is, as he justly observes, "sometimes forgetful in her operations, and wanders from the path which the Author of all things has marked out for her; sometimes she gives to certain teeth an oblique direction, again she transports them to a distance from their proper seat; here they cross each other, or they are so turned as to present one of their sides; there we observe one which presses against the lip, producing excoriation; again we find a tooth planted in the middle of the palate."

Oh! fie on nature, to give dentists so much trouble as these confounded transportations, transpositions, crossings, and plantings must occasion! We should like to see the skill of Duval employed in transplanting a grinder from the middle of the palate to some more appropriate situation.

Having administered this wholesome

correction to nature, our author next falls foul of acids, for the mischief they do to his charge, the teeth. "The ancients (as he tells us) were not ignorant of the injurious effects which acids have upon the teeth, the prophet Jeremiah expressly says, that if we eat unripe grapes the teeth will be set on edge; and Solomon, who was not unacquainted with the physical sciences, observed an analogy between the action of smoke upon the eyes, and that of vinegar upon the teeth." Well may he exclaim after this, punning so happily upon the *blowing of flowers*. "By what fatality then are the minds of men fascinated with those powders which have an acid base? It is like the charm of a *fine flower*, which only yields an agreeable odour, that it may more effectually strike a mortal blow at those who dare approach it." Such persons are worse than beasts.

"If these truths should appear to some persons ill-founded, or of less weight than we believe they merit, we request them to recollect the lesson which has been given them by the cows, of which M. le Vaillant has given an account, from his own observation of their habits among the Caffres: according to this illustrious traveller, when these cows have eaten herbs which have a sour taste, their teeth are strongly set on edge; to relieve which, they mutually bite each others horns, when they cannot find any bones; those persons then, (i. e. such as are not blessed with horns) after using acids to clean their teeth, will try from the example of these animals, to soften their effects by gnawing their nails, and they will finish by biting their fingers."

Mr. Duval now warns his patients against certain things, which have been found by experience, (and he as usual quotes his authorities,) to be a little detrimental to the teeth. Among these, we may particularize cracking cherry stones, knocking your mouth in playing at blind-man's buff against the marble table of a commode or of a chimney, the stroke of a hammer, thumps with tennis balls, a push in the jaw with a foil; against all which practices, we

join in dissuading those who wish to preserve a good show of teeth. Mr. Duval further advises any one whose teeth are "entirely knocked out of their sockets," not to swallow them. To this we may annex another piece of excellent counsel given by this prince of dentists. He proceeds:

"To represent a ferocious animal with teeth of iron is an ingenious idea which belongs to the style in which the prophet Daniel wrote: it is to arm ferocity with weapons of such a hardness, that sparks might be drawn from them. But confiding too much in this solidity, no one should imitate the example of him whose teeth gave sparks when struck with a flint, as related by Bartholin; he will also leave the bully to chew glass and stones, as well as those who have the indiscretion to crack nuts with their teeth. To use them thus, is to run the risque of breaking or of loosening them, or at least of producing an irritation which afterwards may become the source of pain and caries."

Biting threads, tying parcels, drawing corks and nails with your teeth; and moreover, wagering them in any bet, ought prudently to be avoided. "Want of cleanliness also renders the mouth fœtid, which, in society where it is customary to embrace often, is a matter of importance."

This is in France, where fashion and costume too operate against the teeth, which leads their zealous patron to condemn inexorably slight clothing, crops, and shaving.

"It is not a matter of indifference with regard to the teeth, to submit the head to the caprices of fashion. Although pains in the teeth may have been cured, according to the report of some observers, by cutting the hair, we ought not to conclude, that we can always imitate without inconvenience the head-dress of Titus and of Caracalla, many persons could depose to the contrary."

"It sometimes happens, that the tooth-ache is produced every time that a person is shaved; but we should not conclude with Hottinger, that the presence of the beard is a preservative

against that malady. The carious and painful teeth of those venerable anchorites, who distinguished themselves by their long beards, have scarcely left us room to believe that any intimate connection exists between this part and the teeth."

There are many other things to be

shunned, and many to be done ; but we must now refer those of our readers who are desirous of further information on this subject, to the work itself, which they will find to be exceedingly particular in its directions on every misadventure and malady incident to teeth—to employ a dentist.

M'LEOD'S VOYAGE TO AFRICA.*

Extracted from the British Critic.

THE geography of the kingdom of Dahomy, which Dr. McLeod visited, is but imperfectly known. He places its seacoast in 6° 12' north lat. Its extent into the interior is at least 150 miles. Slaves, ivory, palm oil, and the other usual articles of African commerce abound in it ; and the soil produces all the varieties of fruits which are so luxuriantly found in the torrid zone. The religion of the natives appears to be genuine Manicheism. Of their reverence to the power of good we hear but little, but they pray to their demon for protection against magicians. The king's body guard is formed out of a portion of his 4000 wives, trained to arms under female officers. A number of messengers are entertained about court called *Half-heads*, because one side of their heads is always shaved ; they are distinguished warriors, and instead of a blue ribbon, or collars of SS, on gala days, they wear round their necks strings of the teeth of those enemies whom they have killed with their own hands. When on actual service, they run at full speed, being relieved at certain distances by relays, who in turn transfer the royal communication to each other. In an invasion of Mahée, on the Ashantee borders, strict orders had been given to exterminate every branch of the reigning prince, who, it seems, had given much trouble to the Dahomians. One of his sons, a youth about 17, managed to conceal his real

quality, and after passing in the crowd of prisoners through the capital, was sold to Dr. McLeod, and lived at Fort William.

"In a very short time after this transaction, it somehow transpired at Abomey, that there yet lived this remnant of the enemy's family ; and in order to trace him out, (for the scent had in some degree been lost, not knowing whether he had been disposed of to the English, French, or Portuguese, or whether he was not actually embarked,) the king fell upon a scheme, which strongly displays the species of cunning and artifice so often observed among savages.

"Some of his Half-heads arrived one evening at the fort, and with the Coke (a stern and hard-hearted villain) who, in the absence of the Yavougah, was the next caboceer, demanded admittance in the king's name, prostrating themselves as usual, and covering their heads with dust. On entering, they proceeded immediately to that quarter where the slaves were, and repeated the ceremony of kissing the ground before they spoke the *king's word*, that is to say, delivered his message. The Coke then made a long harangue, the purport of which was to signify the king's regret that animosity should have so long existed between him and the chief of that country which he had just despoiled, and to express his sorrow for the fate of a family which had suffered

* A Voyage to Africa, with some account of the Manners and Customs of the Dahomian People. By John McLeod, M.D. London. 1820.

from his displeasure through false accounts and misrepresentations. For this reason he was now most anxious to make every reparation in his power to a son yet remaining of that prince, and would readily re-establish him in the rank and possessions of his father, could he only find him out. Completely duped by this wile, the unsuspecting lad exultingly exclaimed, 'I am the son of the prince!' 'Then,' replied the Coke, with a hellish joy, at having succeeded in his object, 'you are just the person we want;' upon which these Half-heads seized him, and began to bind his hands. Finding by this time the real state of the case, which at first it was impossible to comprehend, I strongly protested against their seizing a slave whom I had regularly purchased, and complained loudly of the insult offered to the Company's fort—but all in vain. I then earnestly entreated them to offer the king his own price, or selection of goods, and to beg, as a favour to me, that he might be spared, strongly urging the plea also, that when once embarked, he would be as free from every apprehension respecting him as if he killed him.

"The Coke coolly replied, that I need give myself no farther trouble to make proposals, for he dared not repeat one of them to the king; and I was at last, after an ineffectual struggle, compelled to witness, with the most painful emotion, this ill-fated youth dragged off in a state of the gloomiest despair:—a despair rendered more dismal from the fallacious glimpse of returning happiness by which he had been so cruelly entrapped.

"He was immediately hurried away and murdered, to glut the vengeance of this pitiless and sanguinary barbarian."

We blush for humanity when we recollect that European history can furnish more than a parallel to this bloody treachery. It was, we believe, in one of the *mitraillades* at Lyons, that the monster who superintended these wholesale executions, after the first fire, commanded those who were unhurt, or only wounded, to rise, under the assurance that they were pardoned by the Repub-

lic; as they obeyed, the matches were again applied to the cannon; a third discharge was unnecessary to complete the massacre.

But the fate of Sally Abson touches us still more, from her half English connexion. She was the daughter of the governor by a native woman, about 20 years of age, with a fine, animated, expressive countenance, and remarkable for the elegance and symmetry of her form.

"The king of Dahomy had repeatedly demanded her as a wife; but neither herself, nor her father, would ever for a moment listen to the proposal.

"Since she had grown up she had a house or cottage of her own near the orange-grove, with a little establishment, and slaves to attend her; but on her father returning sick from Abomey, she again took up her residence in the fort; became his nurse; attended him constantly with the most affectionate care; and when he died, nothing could exceed the poignancy of her grief.

"Her situation now was very peculiar. Her mother was dead, and had she been alive, the relationship on that side, in such a country, could not have extended beyond that individual.—She continued regularly to appear at the mess-table, as she had been wont to do during her father's illness, but generally sat there abstracted and regardless of the food; and for the next three or four days wandered between the fort and the orange-grove, in the manner of one who had some dismal foreboding. At last she suddenly disappeared. Inquiring for her at breakfast-time, the servants made no reply, but hung down their heads and looked terrified and confused. Not being able, either by persuasion or threats, to obtain any information from them, I proceeded to search about in all directions but without success. Her cottage I found totally deserted, and began to think, (what I could hardly permit myself to believe) that she had killed herself.

"At last, an old and faithful domestic of the late governor, who had followed me until we had got into a retired spot where he thought none could see

us, whispered me that a number of the king's Half-heads had arrived at midnight and carried her off to Abomey."

Dr. McLeod afterwards learnt the concluding particulars of her sad story when brought into the presence of the impatient king.

"She, to the great horror and astonishment of all the courtiers, not only refused to kneel, or pay him the least mark of respect, but with a total disregard of life, boldly accused him of oppression and injustice, and disdainfully denied his right of control over her. The despot, in the first transport of his rage, pushed her violently and dashed her on the ground; but, as if suddenly reflecting that he might have gone too far in the outrage already committed, or more probably awed and overcome by the noble intrepidity of her conduct, he was withheld from proceeding to extremities, and merely ordered her instantly to be removed from his sight."

From the moment of her seizure she

became a prey to grief, and after lingering in the seraglio some years in this state of despondency, sunk at last broken-hearted into the grave.

Dr. McLeod corroborates much of the horrible accounts which Mr. Bowditch in his work on Ashantee has related of the human sacrifices during the celebration of "customs." Mr. James, (afterwards governor) who during three different years was present at these appalling ceremonies, once counted sixty-five victims. The walls of the royal *sybomies*, or palaces, some of them two miles in circumference, are decorated with the skulls of these unhappy wretches; on one occasion the architect from a wrong calculation found he had not enough for his purpose, and requested permission to alter his plan. The king on enquiry learnt that *not more than 127* were wanting, and he ordered that number of captives to be slaughtered in cold blood.

CHRISTIAN VII. OF DENMARK, AND HIS QUEEN.

From the London Magazine.

CHRISTIAN THE SEVENTH, on his accession to the throne of Denmark, in 1766, was sixteen years of age, of an agreeable person and pleasing manners. His affability, and the hopes always inspired by a new reign, recalled to the court those pleasures which the austerity of his predecessor had banished; and these were still further increased by the arrival of his young consort, Matilda, a sister of George the Third of England, whom Christian married soon after he ascended the throne. Matilda was in her sixteenth year, and to a beautiful complexion joined regular features: she was, however, treated with neglect by her husband, and an open rupture soon took place between the royal pair. Addicted to the society of dissolute young men, the King passed his time in turbulent pleasures, which sometimes exposed him to danger, even in the streets of his capital. To wean him, if possible from these habits, he was persuaded to travel; and two years after his nup-

tials, quitting his young queen, then just delivered of a son and heir, he departed for England, where his stay was but short; and thence, passing through Holland into France, he arrived at Paris, and soon acquired the good graces of the city and the court. A contemporary writer observes, with the arrogance of a Frenchman, "We were surprised to find in a Monarch of the North, a handsome person, a genteel air, and something like manners." Christian was preparing to proceed to Italy, when he was recalled to Copenhagen by intelligence of quarrels subsisting between his Consort and the Queen Dowager, his stepmother, a princess of considerable talents, but of an intriguing disposition. The young Queen had not been very discreet in the assertion of her prerogative; while, on the other hand, sufficient time had not elapsed for the Queen Dowager to divest herself of those habits of command, to which her former station en-

titled her. The return of the King put an end to these bickerings : and peace was, at least to outward appearance, established. But, though tranquillity was thus restored at court, discontent was visible in the country. During the King's absence, the Queen Dowager had been intriguing in favour of her son, Prince Frederick, on whose behalf she endeavoured to gain the suffrages of the nation in general, and the nobility in particular. Christian, on his return, found parties running very high. At the head of the most numerous, and supported by the chief officers of state, stood Count Holk, a favourite of the King, whose removal Matilda endeavoured to effect, as the means of thereby regaining the King's affection, and the respect due to her rank ; while the Count employed all his influence to inflame the quarrel between the royal pair.

Christian had been accompanied on his travels, and had brought back with him as his physician, John Frederick Struensee, the son of a German clergyman, born in 1737, who had practised at Altona, whence he was taken into the royal service. In the assurance that Struensee was equally inimical to the Queen as himself, Count Holk induced the King to depute his physician with any communications it was requisite to make to the Queen. But this measure proved fatal to the interests of Holk ; for while, on the one hand, Christian became every day more attached to Struensee, Matilda, contrasting the respectful attention of the present favourite with the haughty demeanour of the former one, accustomed herself, by degrees, to Struensee's society, and admiration of his talents soon succeeded to her former aversion. He was successively appointed governor of the young Prince, and reader to the King and Queen, in which office he so completely ingratiated himself with both parties, that he was enabled to effect a reconciliation between them. Struensee now pursued with ardour the plans of ambition he had secretly formed : he caused his intimate associate, Brandt, to be appointed director of the theatres and *maître des plaisirs*, in the place of Count Holk. Bernstorff, who had long been

prime minister, was dismissed from his situation, and all the offices of state were filled by the adherents of the Queen and of Struensee, who was appointed cabinet minister. Matilda's triumph was now complete ; she was treated with respect by the King, and Struensee possessed her full confidence.

—In order to consolidate their newly acquired power, they contrived to seclude the King from all society, and more particularly endeavoured to prevent any intercourse between the monarch and his minister. Brandt was directed to occupy him constantly with frivolous amusements ; and this mode of life was as congenial to the King's disposition as it was favourable to the views of Struensee, who, encouraged by the success of his former efforts, ventured, in 1770, on a measure, by which a complete change was effected in the Danish constitution, and the whole power placed in the hands of himself and the Queen. At their instigation, the King abolished the council of state, and substituted in its place a committee, consisting of the heads of the different departments of government. The members of this body possessed very limited powers : they could assemble only at stated periods, might be dismissed at pleasure, and, in short, had neither title, rank, nor influence. The Danish nobility had hitherto enjoyed a seat in the state council, and considered its abolition as an infringement of their privileges : from this moment they determined upon the ruin of the minister who had proposed this measure. Nor did Struensee manifest sufficient prudence in the maintenance of the power he had acquired ; for although the foreign relations were conducted agreeably to the dictates of sound policy, his internal administration was not marked with the same character. Bold, even to presumption, in adopting projects, he abandoned them with timidity when their execution was vigorously opposed. During his short but stormy administration, his schemes were various and manifold : he proposed to reform the financial system, and to diminish the taxes—he was anxious for the improvement of the jurisprudence, and had

plans for increasing the army and navy of Denmark, without any additional expense to the country. In pursuance of these projects, many offices of state were abolished—the officers of the royal household were diminished—the horseguards were disbanded, and their duty performed by dragoons. A plan, which has since been adopted, of commuting the personal services of the peasants for a pecuniary rent, met with so determined an opposition on the part of the nobility, that he was forced to abandon the measure.

The King grew every day more averse from business, and his faculties were visibly impaired. Struensee was invested with powers such as no Danish minister had previously enjoyed: he was authorised to issue any orders he might verbally receive from the King, and, without requiring the royal signature, send them to the different departments of government: it was merely necessary that the cabinet seal should be affixed to them, and that an extract should once a week be laid before the King. His enemies discovered, in this measure, a plan for annihilating the royal authority; and they availed themselves of the liberty of the press, which he had introduced, to represent his actions in the most unfavourable light, and to spread atrocious calumnies against him and the Queen. This Princess had, in 1771, been delivered of a daughter; and many scandalous reports, respecting the legitimacy of this infant, were afloat. Struensee was accused of criminal intimacy with the wife of his Sovereign and benefactor, and minute particulars were detailed, to give support to this assertion. In consequence of these libels, the liberty of the press was restricted, but the public mind became every day more inflamed. In this critical juncture, Struensee's firmness deserted him; and his anxiety became excessive when a mutiny broke out among a detachment of sailors, who had been brought to Copenhagen, and were destined to serve against Algiers: the pretext of this disturbance was want of pay. To prevent similar occurrences, Struensee determined to remodel the police by that of Paris; and this

measure augmented the number of his enemies.

The hatred of the public now broke out in open murmurs, and Struensee's situation became so critical, that the British envoy, foreseeing the disastrous consequences which would result from the fate of the minister, endeavoured to persuade him to retire, and went so far as to offer him the assistance of his purse, should pecuniary means be wanting, to enable him to remove from the kingdom. It is believed that Struensee himself was anxious to avoid the impending storm, but that the Queen opposed his retreat, fearful she should thereby lose her acquired power.

The public feeling broke out in threats against the obnoxious minister, whose apprehensions became evident. Precautions were taken against popular commotion; the palace guard was doubled; cannon was planted in the principal streets; and six thousand ball-cartridges were distributed to each regiment stationed in the capital.

It was with great surprise that, on the 17th January, 1772, the people of Copenhagen learned, that, during the preceding night, the Queen, Struensee, Brandt, and many of their adherents, had been arrested. There had been a ball at court, at which Matilda, little foreseeing the approaching danger, had danced with great vivacity; the palace duty was that night entrusted to Col. Koller, who, after the King had retired to bed, assembled his officers, and told them he had orders to place the Queen and Struensee under arrest. Count Ranzau, and others of the party, were then admitted into the palace; and the Count, making his way to the King's apartment, awoke him, and told him his life was in danger.—“What shall I do?” said the Monarch, in great anxiety. “Shall I fly? Help me! Counsel me.” “Sign this paper,” said the Count, “and I will save my Sovereign, and his family.” Ranzau, without leaving time for a moment's reflection, then laid before the King a paper, ready drawn up, which he was about to sign, but, on observing the Queen's name, he dropped his pen, and was at last, with

much difficulty, persuaded to affix his signature. Koller, attended by other officers, now proceeded to the Queen's chamber, and placed her under arrest; the next morning she was conveyed to the castle of Kroninsburgh, a few miles distant from Copenhagen. Struensee and Brandt were sent to different prisons, and a special commission, consisting in a great measure of their personal enemies, was appointed to try them. The points of accusation were numerous, and drawn up in terms of the most unqualified severity. Struensee's counsel attempted a defence of the different articles, with the exception of the one imputing to him unbecoming conduct towards the King, to which he pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of his Sovereign. His ruin, however, was determined upon; and on the 25th of April sentence was passed, that, after being degraded from his nobility, his right hand, and then his head, should be cut off, his body quartered and placed upon the wheel, and the head and hand on a stake. This sentence was confirmed to its full extent by the King. Struensee, when informed of it, behaved with great fortitude; the disgraceful part of the execution appeared alone to move him. Brandt, who had been tried by the same commission, was likewise condemned to suffer decapitation. On the 28th of April the two friends were brought to the scaffold, where they both conducted themselves with great firmness; Struensee had the pain to witness the execution of Brandt before him.

It was the intention of the Queen Dowager's party to have proceeded with the utmost severity against Matilda; but the energetic representations of

the British envoy prevented this measure, and the party contented themselves with procuring a divorce to be pronounced between the royal pair. A small squadron of ships of war soon afterwards sailed from England for Elsinore, on board of which the unfortunate Matilda embarked: she was conveyed to the Elbe, and from thence proceeded to Celle, in the electorate of Hanover, the castle of which place her royal brother had assigned to her as her future residence. In this secluded situation, Matilda dragged on a melancholy existence for three years, and died in 1775, aged twenty-five.* It is a well-known fact, that shortly previous to her decease, Christian had secretly recommenced a correspondence with her, and that she entertained hopes of regaining her former station. The Queen Dowager endeavoured, in vain, to discover the agents of this mysterious correspondence, which caused great uneasiness to the party; and the death of Matilda, occurring at this critical period, gave rise to rumours of her having been poisoned.

After Struensee's death, the whole power devolved to the Queen Dowager, and the King fell into a state of mental imbecility, from which he never recovered. In the year 1784, when the present King had attained his sixteenth year, he laid claim to the Co-Regency of the kingdom with his father; but the Queen Dowager opposed his pretensions; and it was not without difficulty he obtained his rights; on the assumption of which his step-mother retired from court, and was thenceforth excluded from any interference with public affairs.

See another article on Denmark, page 241.

VARIETIES.

Extracted from the English Magazines.

HABEAS CORPUS ACT.

BISHOP Burnet relates a curious circumstance respecting the origin of that important statute, the Habeas Corpus

Act. "It was carried," says he, "by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be the tellers; Lord Norris being

a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing ; so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first ; but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his misreckoning of *ten* ; so it was reported to the house, and declared that they who were for the bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side ; and by this means the bill past."

TABLE TALK.....HORNE TOOKE.

Lively sallies and connected discourse are very different things. There are many persons of that impatient and restless turn of mind, that they cannot wait a moment for a conclusion, or follow up the thread of any argument. In the hurry of conversation their ideas are somehow huddled into sense, but in the intervals of thought, leave a great gap between. Montesquieu said, he often lost an idea before he could find words for it : yet he dictated, by way of saving time, to an amanuensis. This is in my opinion a vile method, and a solecism in authorship. Horne Tooke, among other paradoxes, used to maintain that no one could write a good style who was not in the habit of talking and hearing the sound of his own voice. He might as well have said that no one could relish a good style without reading it out, as we find common people do to assist their apprehension. But there is a method of trying periods on the ear, or weighing them with the scales of the breath, without any articulate sound. Authors, as they write, may be said to "hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Even musicians generally compose in their heads. I agree that no style is good that is not fit to be spoken or read aloud with effect. This holds true not only of emphasis and cadence, but also with regard to natural idiom and colloquial freedom. Sterne's was in this respect the best style that ever was written. You fancy that you hear the people talking. For a contra-

ry reason, no college-man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony—a translation into classical centos or hexameter lines.

That which I have just mentioned is among many instances I could give of ingenious absurdities advanced by Mr. Tooke in the heat and pride of controversy. A person who knew him well, and greatly admired his talents, said of him that he never (to his recollection) heard him defend an opinion which he thought right, or in which he believed him to be himself sincere. He indeed provoked his antagonists into defeat by the very extravagance of his assertions, and the teasing sophistry by which he rendered them plausible. His temper was prompter to his skill. He had the manners of a man of the world, with great scholastic resources. He flung every one else off his guard, and was himself immoveable. I never knew any one who did not admit his superiority in this kind of warfare. He put a full stop to one of C——'s long-winded prefatory apologies for his youth and inexperience, by saying abruptly,—"Speak up, young man !" and, at another time silenced a learned professor, by desiring an explanation of a word which the other frequently used, and which, he said, he had been many years trying to get the meaning of,—the copulative *Is* ! He was the best fencer of his day. He made strange havoc of Fuseli's fantastic hieroglyphics, violent humours, and oddity of dialect.—Curran, who was sometimes of the same party, was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument ; nay, averse to any thing like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favourite critical topics were to abuse Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Indeed, he confessed a want of sufficient acquaintance with books when he found himself in literary society in London. He and Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Woolstonecroft,

when the discourse almost wholly turned on Love, "from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day"! What a subject! What speakers, and what hearers! What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis, and may one day make a *Table-talk* of it!—Peter Pindar was rich in anecdote and grotesque humour, and profound in technical knowledge both of music, poetry and painting, but he was gross and overbearing. Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question)—Coleridge well on every subject, and Godwin on none. To finish this subject, Mrs. ———'s conversation is as fine-cut as her features, and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavour, like fine green tea. H—t's is like champagne, and N——'s like anchovy sandwiches. H—yd—n's, is like a game at trap-ball: L——'s like snap-dragon: and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not very much unlike a game at nine-pins! One source of the conversation of authors, is the character of other authors, and on that they are rich indeed. What things they say! What stories they tell of one another, more particularly of their friends! If I durst only give some of these confidential communications! The reader may perhaps think the foregoing a specimen of them:—but indeed he is mistaken.

MIDNIGHT.

When the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was awakened in his cell at Valenciennes, to be led to the place of execution, he asked the officer who brought the order, "What do you want?" The officer made no answer. "What o'clock is it?" "Midnight," answered the officer, with a faltering voice. "Midnight!" exclaimed the prince; "Oh, I know what brings you here; this hour is fatal to me—it was at midnight that I was taken from my house at Ettenheim—at midnight the dungeon at Strasburgh was opened for me—at midnight again I was taken out

to be brought here—it is now midnight, and I have lived long enough to know how to die!"

FROM THE ITALIAN.

SWEET spot! it is not for thy sky of blue,
'Tis not for thy dewy green,
That in yonder dell I would rather dwell,
Than be a jewell'd queen.
Oh, 'tis not to stray, at breaking day,
While thy flowers are glistening still,
And drink of the stream like a silver gleam
That floats down thy purple hill.
But who could gaze on thy evening's rays,
Who breathe its breath of balm,
But like a spell feel o'er her steal,
The heart's delicious calm?
And sweeter to rest by yon wood-dove's nest,
On the heath and the blossomed broom,
Than sleepless to lie in the canopy,
Hung round with pearl and plume.

TABLE OF CHARLES I.

The following is an account of the magnificent Table kept by King Charles before his troubles.

There was daily in his court 86 tables, well furnished each meal; whereof the King's table had 28 dishes; the Queen's 24; four other tables, 16 dishes each; three others, 10 dishes each; 12 others had 7 dishes each; 17 other tables had each of them 5 dishes; three others had 4 each; thirty-two other tables had each 3 dishes; and 13 others had each two dishes; in all about 500 dishes each meal, with beer, wine, and all other things necessary. There was spent yearly in the King's house, of grass meat, 1500 oxen; 7000 sheep; 1200 veals; 300 porkers; 400 sturks, or young beefs; 6800 lambs; 300 fitches of bacon, and 26 boars; also 140 dozen of geese; 250 dozen of capons; 470 dozen of hens; 750 dozen of pullets; 1470 dozen of chickens: for bread, 3600 bushels of wheat: and for drink, 600 tun of wine, and 1700 tun of beer; of butter 40,640 pounds used with fish and fowl, venison, fruit, and spices, in proportion. By special order of the King's house, some of his Majesties' household went directly to Westminster-hall, in Term time, between 11 and 12 o'clock, to invite gentlemen to eat of the King's acates or viands, and in Parliament time to invite the Parliament-men also.

REMARKABLE CANNON.

At Kubberpore na Jheel, in India, there is a cannon 213 inches round the muzzle, and 18 inches round the calibre. It has five, and had, originally, six equidistant rings, by which it was lifted up. This gun is called by the natives Jaun Kushall, or the destroyer of life, and its casting and position are attributed to the deotas or divinities, though its almost obliterated Persian inscriptions declare its formation by human means. But what is most extraordinary about it is, that two peepul trees have grown both cannon and carriage into themselves. Fragments of the iron, a spring, one of the linches, and part of the wood-work, protrude from between the roots and bodies of these trees, but the trees alone entirely support the gun, one of the rings of which, and half of its whole length, are completely hid between and inside their bark and trunks. A more curious sight, or a cannon more firmly fixed, though by the mere gradual growth of two trees, cannot well be imagined. The Indians assert that it was only once fired, and sent the ball 24 miles !!

CURIOUS LAW CASE.

In an action of Trover, brought by the Churchwardens of St. John Baptist, Margate, against the Rector, to recover the value of the black cloth which had been put up by the parish in respect to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte, and which it appeared had been converted by the Rev. Gentleman into coats, waistcoats, &c.

It appeared that the plaintiffs, as Churchwardens, had hung the pulpit, reading-desk, and communion-table, on that occasion, with superfine black cloth and kerseymere, to the amount of 37*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* and at the end of six weeks were about to take it down, when the Defendant took steps to appropriate part of it to his own use in the manner before-mentioned, and to divide the remainder between the Clerk and Sexton. This gave rise to some personal animosities, and subsequently to the proceeding in question.

The Rev. Defendant pleaded gene-

ral custom. Mr. Justice Bayley objected to such evidence, but allowed evidence to be given of the *particular* custom in this parish; and in his Charge to the Jury laid it down, that no individual had a right to hang up what are called ornaments in a Church without the leave of the Rector, because the Freehold of the Church was in him, and he might make his own terms for that leave.—In general, when private individuals hung up black cloth in the Parish-Church, with the concurrence of the Rector, there was a kind of understanding that the cloth became the *property of the Rector*. In the present case there had been no bargain between the plaintiff and defendants with respect to the terms upon which the cloth should be hung up; consequently the latter had no right to take any part of it, because by law he was not entitled to take such property, unless by matter of arrangement between the parties to whom it belonged. Under these circumstances, the plaintiffs were entitled to a verdict, for the value of the cloth which the defendant had converted to his own use, which the Jury accordingly found—Damages 15*l.*

A REAL NIGHT MARE.

From Heger's Tour through part of the Netherlands, &c.

Mr. Heger and his companions set out for Rouvray.

“As there was a good deal of hill-work for the horses in this day's journey, we were unable to reach that town, and were obliged to put up at a lone house, at ten o'clock at night, about a mile out of the public road. The appearance of the place was rather against it, to those whose taste the use of comforts had spoiled for flock beds, jack-towel sheets, and sanded tile floors; but where there is no choice, the proudest must yield:—we had walked up several of the hills, to save our horses, in the course of the day; and fatigue is not much disposed to quarrel with any place of rest.

“A large kitchen divided my room from that of my companions; and in a recess, at one extremity of it, was a

bed, screened by a dirty old red-and-white chequered curtain, full of large holes; through one of which, at each extremity, we were greeted, on entrance, by a grim face, surmounted with a red cap, which once, no doubt, in its earlier servitude, had been able to confine the stubble which it encompassed; but, alas! subdued by its hard duty, it could no longer keep under the refractory bristles, which now stood on end through the breaches of their prison. Conceive to yourself a welcome of this sort, in a lone house, at the entrance of a wood nine miles through; and when you feel the alarm getting master of you, imagine a whispering from various quarters, without being able to see the mouths from whence it issued; then, when you have worked up your fears to an almost overwhelming pitch, just fancy to yourself, on suddenly looking up, an arm extended from a hole in the ceiling, beckoning a tall figure, with a belt and hatchet, who had just come in at a back door; and when you have got the picture to this height of colouring, keep looking at it with all the chilly sensations which it inspires, till the recollection comes upon you, that whatever the prospect, there is no eluding it; and I think you will have done enough for yourself in the way of terrors. There was no getting out of this business; so I judged it better to put a good face upon it, and, calling for a bottle of such wine as they had, and an omelet, we refreshed ourselves and retired to rest; but not before we had examined our separate cells, (without indeed appearing to do so,) to see that there was no way of entrance or exit, but by the door at which we were introduced; having settled matters on this point to our satisfaction, we separated.

"I must confess, I did not like the appearance of things, but could hardly bring myself to believe in the residence of banditti so near the public road, except in the pages of romance. Caution, however, is always the right side of doubt; so, without taking off more than my coat and boots, I threw myself into bed, and lay divided between sleep and the adventure; but just as the former

was getting a-head, and I had nearly forgotten where I was, I heard a strange breathing noise, close to the head of my bed, and began to fear I had not been sufficiently particular in examining my room; for no one could enter by the door, as I had taken care to double lock and bolt it. I listened again, and heard the breathing distinctly; my heart began now to quicken its pace a little, and had got from the quiet gentle walk into a trot: I thought that before it got into a gallop, it would be better to be on my legs, and prepared for the worst; so jumping out of bed, (as much as to say, who's afraid?) I rushed to the door, and unbolting it, disturbed one of the many occupants of the kitchen, which was by this time converted into a general chamber:—"Est-ce que Monsieur manque le?" was the first exclamation which greeted my ear, in a female voice, since our arrival. "Non," replied I, "*je manque seulement la lumiere.*"—With the greatest good nature she brought me one, and showed her civility in so doing, at the expense of her modesty, for she had nothing on but her chemise; I wished her good night, and, having again secured my door, renewed my examination of the room.

"Darkness is a powerful ally to terrors; and it not unfrequently happens, that without its assistance, they are scarcely formidable enough to produce more than a start on the nerves which they assail. The breathing which I had heard, I now began to think could have been nothing but the wind, and the rustling of the leaves in the great wood beside us,—so valiant does a lighted candle make us. I was almost resolute enough by this time to be ashamed of myself; and out of bravado, was actually going to extinguish the light, when my hand was arrested by the dreaded sound. I listened attentively, and traced it to the place I at first imagined it issued from. There was now no longer a doubt upon the point; so, pulling my bed away from the wall behind it, I discovered the real, the genuine nightmare; no sickly offspring of the fancy, mounted by sleep-oppressing dæmon, but a good substantial horse, who, with

a kindly snort, dismissed all my fears and anxiety ; not even a window glass separated me from my welcome companion, and I was glad of it ;—for there was more to allay my doubts in his physiognomy, than in that of any of his masters,—and patting his neck through the hole in the wall, I wished him good night, and slept till six the next morning, without further fear or trembling.

“ Had we given ourselves time to think, we should not have found it so difficult to account for the strange appearance of things, on our arrival at this place. The proximity of the wood might have accounted for the hatchet and belt, and the novelty of visitors in a carriage, for the silent reception and the respectful whispers, as well as for the arm that beckoned, in order no doubt, to make silent enquiry about the unlooked-for guests. The fact is, the inhabitants of this lone residence were hewers of wood, and in all probability, (whatever their appearance,) full as honest as ourselves.”

REMARKABLE STORY.

Pretender to the Danish Throne.

The following account of this person is given in a Berlin Journal :—

The late king, Christian VII. had a mother-in-law, Juliana Maria, on whom history has already pronounced sentence, with respect to her endeavours to place upon the throne her son, the hereditary Prince Frederic, to the injury of the lawful heir. This Juliana was as inimical to King Christian as to his descendants : to her alone is attributed the unhappiness which the King experienced in his marriage with the English Princess, Matilda, sister of George III. ; nay, and even the state of mental debility in which Christian passed his life. But as she could not accomplish all her plans in favour of her son, she is stated to have attempted, at least, to secure the crown for her grandson (Prince Christian Frederic, who, with his amiable consort, is now travelling in Italy). When, therefore, the present Queen, then Crown-Princess, consort of Fred-

eric VI. was first delivered of an heir to the throne, she is said to have had the child taken away as soon as it was born, and a dead child substituted in its room. The dead child was buried, and the true heir to the throne entrusted to one of the Royal attendants, named H——, who, being in the secret, brought him up as his own son. The step-grandmother assigned the sum of 4000 dollars annually for his education to reward her confidant. When the Prince grew older, he was sent to the academy Schnepfenthal, and a great banking house at Altona paid the necessary sums to order, without knowing any further of the matter. The young man probably remarked, from many circumstances, that the —— was not his father ; and when he returned to Denmark, after finishing his studies, urged him to reveal to him the secret of his birth, which the latter, partly instigated by his conscience, at length did. He furnished his foster-son with all the documents necessary to support his claim, and then committed suicide, being justly afraid of punishment, for having so long concealed so shameful an action.

The Prince, being at Copenhagen, and furnished with his papers, laid his claims before the police, which immediately reported the affair to the King, who sent for the Pretender, examined his papers, and, finding that his countenance and figure greatly resembled his own, and the papers contained important explanations, which seemed deserving of attention, he immediately caused him to be put under confinement, but without any rigour, and placed officers to guard him, in order to examine thoroughly who he was.

This is the present state of the affair, which, in truth, is more like the romantic invention of some idle fancy, than a real fact. However, letters from Denmark, and even from Copenhagen, speak with such confidence on the subject, that the story certainly deserves attention. It is farther affirmed, that the Altona banker, who paid the money to the school at Schnepfenthal, has been summoned to Copenhagen, to

give such information as is in his power; that he set out for that city a week ago; that the Danish Minister of state, K—, passed through Hamburgh, on the night of July 22, on his way to Schnepfenthal; and it is also said, that the Danish government has sent for to Copenhagen two ladies of the chamber of the late Queen, who live in Hanover, (whether in the kingdom or city of Hanover, we are ignorant,) and who, it is pretended, are in the secret. The Pretender is stated to be about 29 years of age, and very like the King, (except that his hair is brown, whereas that of his majesty is very fair,) and to have served last with the rank of Lieutenant. This is all that I have been able to collect, respecting this most strange affair, which it must be left to time to clear up.*

—

*Supposed to be spoken by a dying Son
to his Mother.*

Weep not for me, mother! because I must die,
And sink in death's coldness to rest;
Weep not for me, mother! because death is nigh,
I go to the home of the blest!

It is but a moment—a pang—and no more—
A struggle—and that to be free;
'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's o'er;
Oh, Death has no terrors for me.

Weep not for me, mother! the Christian should fling
His frailties and fears to the wind;
But only in death when his spirit takes wing,
Can he leave them forever behind.

Farewell to thee now—the mist thickens fast;
The cold hand is laid on my breast;
The moments are numbered—another—the last,
I go to the home of the blest.—

—

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

The custom of giving to infants more than one baptismal name was very little adopted in England fifty or sixty years ago. It may be pronounced as a derivative from foreign parts, where it has probably been of some duration. It has of late years gained much ground in this country, and seems to be daily increasing in every class of society.

I venture to pronounce this practice unnecessary, inconvenient, often prejudicial in its consequences, and in itself absurd.

It is *unnecessary*; because in a family the baptismal name is expedient merely to distinguish one child from another; for which purpose one such name is sufficient. It is *inconvenient*; as the multiplication of names in one and the same person often occasions perplexity and error, by the absence of simplicity and by the possibility of a wrong transposition. As in law proceedings the correctness of names and their true arrangement are absolutely required, so, where these are wanting, fatal effects, owing their origin to double baptismal names, must necessarily follow. In common parlance one only is used, and therefore one only generally known; and though this, for the most part, is the first in order, yet sometimes the second obtains, to the exclusion of the other. Double names therefore may be the cause of mistakes in bequests and demises sometimes incurable, and therefore fatal, or at least attended with expensive suits to explain and rectify, which may be of doubtful issue.

But there are some persons who have such a predilection for two, or even more than two Christian names, as to think a single appellation mean and inconsequential. This idea will surely not bear an argument. To me the effect appears the reverse; and more especially in the case of titles. Who will not allow that the single appellation of John Duke of Marlborough, Arthur Duke of Wellington, Horatio Viscount Nelson, and the like, do not carry in them a superior dignity and effect, than could have been gained by tacking a string of other names thereto? Where the sons and daughters of noble families, baronets, and knights, are loaded with these excrescences, the absurdity is most striking; for, whatever be the

* We have seen some accounts of a later date, which say, that the pretended Prince has been discovered to be the son of a tailor; and others, that he has been found to be insane. Without being able to vouch for the truth of any of these statements, we have thought our readers might like to have a more particular account of this strange business (which created great sensation in Denmark,) than has appeared, to our knowledge, in any other English Journal.

number, one only is pronounced, the next are invariably sunk, and consequently useless ; and the same is applicable to all other ranks in society, and to both sexes.

Upon the whole, therefore, I hope that we shall return to common sense, and the plain simple and intelligible practice of our ancestors, founded on the true principle, that a single name in baptism, considered in every point of view, is most appropriate, and most safe ; and surely we have no right to deem a double name a mark of consequence or gentility, whilst we see it is now introduced amongst the lowest orders of the people.

Connected with the subject of names, I shall now notice what appear to me to be some other improprieties.

Of late years a custom has prevailed, when writing the name of the present King of France, and of his predecessors of similar denomination, to adopt the French mode of orthography, that is, to write *Louis* instead of *Lewis*. Now there can be no more reason for this than if, when speaking of the Kings of Spain, Sweden, or the Netherlands, &c. we were to use the language of their respective countries, and write *Fernando*, *Karl*, and *Wilhelm*, &c. True it is, that we may give the same pronunciation to *Louis* as to *Lewis* ; but it is not correct so to do, for *Louis*, as a French word, is to be pronounced *Louy*, not *Lewis*, these in the French not being heard ; and therefore if we chuse to write *Louis XVIII.* this is *Louy dixhuit*, and not *Lewis the Eighteenth*. In short, when we are writing English, we should spell in English those Christian names which admit of it.

ANECDOTES OF DR. TRUSLER.

Dr. Trusler, was son of Mr. Trusler, who kept Mary-le-bonne Garden at the time when it was a tea-drinking place of resort for Londoners who were pleased by a walk into the country ; that is, about the year 1740 ; for Mary-le-bonne was then a country village.

Mr. Trusler's daughter made the "plum-cakes so much admired by the

Nobility and Gentry," by which description they were advertised.

At a very early period of his life Mr. John Trusler obtained, or assumed, the title of *Doctor* ; to which the wags of the day (in allusion to the profession of his sister) added the sobriquet of *Seed-and-Plum-Cukins*.

He was a stout athletic man ; possessed strong natural sense ; and had an uncommon share of industry.

What led the young Doctor to the study of Divinity I do not know ; but, soon after he had taken order, he shewed as much skill in making up Sermons, as his Sister did in making plum-cakes. He found that some of his fellow students had had so many pleasanter occupations than the dry study of Divinity, that they were at a loss when they sat down to compose a Sermon ; to use a printed one exposed them to be detected by some of the congregation, especially where there was a gallery ; but an ingenious idea struck him, that a type which Printers call *Script*, and which is a close imitation of a good writing hand, would prevent the inconvenience. He accordingly had several Sermons so printed, and then sent a Letter to the Clergyman of every parish in England, stating the utility of his plan, and assuring them that there was little risk of detection, as, though the Discourses which he selected were *the most admired*, they were *the least known*. This scheme was so much approved, and his Sermons were in such demand, that Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, alarmed for the consequence, sent for Trusler, representing the inducement it afforded to idleness. Dr. Trusler replied, "that he gained 150*l.* a year by the publication ; that he had no preferment ; but, if his Lordship would give him a Living of that value, his *Script Types* should no longer be put in requisition. Whether the Bishop thought that giving a Living on such terms would be something like simony, I do not know, but Dr. Trusler did not obtain one from him.

This kind attention to the accommodation of the indolent portion of his brethren was followed by "The Sub-

lime Reader ; or, the Morning and Evening Service of the Church so pointed, and the emphatic Words throughout so marked, as to display all the Beauty and Sublimity of the Language, and render it, with the least Attention, impossible to be read by the most injudicious Reader, but with Propriety. With Remarks on the Service; and Notes of general Use." If this small specimen of the Common Prayer had met with the approbation of the Publick, it was the Doctor's benevolent intention to have favoured them with the remainder at some future period.

His genius, however, was very general. It should seem that his Sister's skill was not confined to the making plum-cakes, but extended to Cookery, and that from her he had learned that art ; for he published, or at least was reported to have published, a complete history of that noble science (as much admired by the Nobility and Gentry as were his Sister's cakes), but this was ushered into the world under the name of Mrs. ———.

A Tale founded on Fact, from Trusler's instructive Proverbs in verse, written by the author at the age of 83.

MURDER WILL OUT.

LUCULLUS, on reaching a village, and tir'd,
Alights from his horse at an inn on the road,
To seek some refreshment as nature required,
And there till the morning to take his abode.

The day had been sultry—oppressed were the trees—
But Sol had declined ; bright Hesperus was seen,
The prospect inviting, an evening breeze,
And sweet Philomela enliven'd the scene.

Refreshed by his meal, yet annoyed by its fumes,
At eve to the church-yard he pensively strays,
To indulge his reflections, to muse o'er the tombs,
To list to a nightingale warbling his lays.

Cast out from a grave, now opening anew,
A skull, which a toad for its safety had entered,
Self-mov'd, as it seemed, rolled forward in view ;
On this the whole thoughts of our moralist centred.

Our Sexton, like Charon, to whom poets have
Assigned a like office ; conveying the dead
From region to region ; the one third the grave,
The other o'er Styx, as by Virgil is said.

Like Shakspeare's grave digger, our digger of graves
Now leans on his spade, being enumbered with
years,
Harangues boldly on death, its horrors outbraves,
Yet whistles at times, as to banish his fears.

Perchance had the owner of these luckless bones
Been known as well now as poor Yorick was then,
His gibes and his jests would be retailed in tones
Of sad lamentation again and again.

The skull was ta'en up, which the reptile had left—
A nail to its head was observed had been passed,
Apparently driven through its temporal cleft,
And, tho' greatly decayed, it stuck firm and fast.

Inquiries took place. All the Sexton could say
Was, that " Twenty years since, a trav'ler was led
To sleep for the night at yon Inn, in his way,
Was robbed of his cash, and found dead in his bed.

The landlord who keeps it was strongly suspected,
But no marks of violence seen, as was said,
The matter blew over—he's now well respected—
And in this very spot his body was laid."

" Good Heavens !" exclaim'd he, " Now strangely
we know,
Do things come to pass, by th' unthinking and dull
Unnoticed :—This grave was ne'er open'd till now,
And certain as death, sir, this must be *his* skull !"

As Jael of old, in an arduous strife,
'Tween Jabin and Barak, in Israel's cause,
By a nail through his temple took Sisera's life,
In defiance of war and its general laws.

Driven in by a hammer, as sleeping he lay—
So here was a murder committed, no doubt,
By similar means in a similar way,
In hopes it might never be after found out.

Absorbed with the thoughts of so horrid a deed,
Resolved to his utmost to bring it to light,
Lucullus hies back with the skull in great speed,
Yet, as prudence directed, concealed it from sight.

Till fit opportunity serv'd to impart
The tale to his host as it stated had been—
When with rivetted eyes, that pierced to his heart,
And saw how his conscience was working within.

With such powerful words he disclosed it, as pressed
The mind of this miscreant so home with his
crime,
Self-smitten he wept—but the throbs of his breast
Suspended his power of speech for a time.

The moment bade fair—with the skull now confronted,
Its looks grim and ghastly, his senses astound,
The nail did the rest ; nothing further was wanted ;
He shudders, he trembles, he drops to the ground.

" Own thy guilt," cries Lucullus, " that Power implore
Whom thou'st highly incensed by so foul an act,
For mercy and pardon—concealment's now o'er."
The panic-struck murderer confesses the fact.

Thus Heaven brought forward, what all must allow,
A truth of great import, which long lay conceal'd,
Enveloped in darkness mysterious, till now
Abundance of things in concurrence revealed.

Its all-searching eye is thus made known to men,
Its power of unravelling established past doubt ;
Less vices are seldom concealed from our ken,
But sooner or later all murders will out.

The Country School-Master.

A COUNTRY Schoolmaster, hight Jonas Bell,
Once undertook of little souls,

To furbish up their jobbernowles,
In other words he taught them how to spell.
And well adapted to the task was Bell,
Whose iron visage measured half an ell ;
With huge proboscis and eye-brows of soot,
Arm'd at the jowl just like a boar,
And when he gave an angry roar,
The little school-boys stood like fishes, mute.

Poor Jonas, tho' a patient man, as Job,
(Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to growl)
Was by a scholar's adamantine nob,
Beyond all patience, gravelled to the soul :
I question, whether Jonas in the fish,
Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.

'Twas thus, a lady who supported Bell,
Came, unexpectedly, to hear them spell :
The pupil fix'd on by the Pedagogue,
Was eke, a little round-fac'd ruddy dog,
Who thus his letters on the table laid—
M, I, L, K, and paused—' well, Sir, what's that ?
' I cannot tell,'—the boy all trembling said.
' Not tell! you little blind and stupid brat ?'

' Not tell?' roar'd Jonas in a violent rage,
And quick prepar'd an angry war to wage,
Tell me this instant, or I'll flea thy hide ;—Come,
Sir ?

Dost thou this birchen weapon see ?—
What puts thy mother in her tea ?—
With lifted eyes the ragged rogue replied—' R U M,
Sir !!!'

Local Attachment.

YES ! Home still charms. And he who, clad in fur,
Drives his fleet rein-deer o'er the snowy plain,
Would rather to the same wild tracks recur,
Which life had mark'd with pleasure or with pain,
Than revel where young Zephyr's musky train
Kiss the soft hyacinths of Azza's hair :
Rather than where prolific summers reign,
Seek his white mosses, and with frugal care
Bid his poor antler-friends the simple banquet share.
All love their native spot, to Friendship dear,
Whether they catch, amidst a waste of night,
The frost-gales from the mountains more severe,
And shiver to the Boreal flashes bright ;
Or if the Sun vouchsafe a noon-day light,
Hail, from the crags, his faint reflected beams,
And o'er the loose bridge slide from height to height,
Where pine or ebony or beaneed gleams,
To float their pond'rous planks along the gulphy
streams.

AMBITION

Can only be praise-worthy in any
individual as it produces benefits to
mankind, and has real honour in view.
Otherwise the hero who acts on the self-
ish motive of making himself great, is
only a robber or a tyrant, a whirlwind,
a storm, and a plague.

AN APT VERSION.

The late Dr. Adam, Rector of the
Grammar School, Edinburgh, was sup-
posed by his scholars to exercise a strong
partiality for such as were of patrician
descent ; and on one occasion was ve-
ry smartly reminded of it by a boy of
mean parentage, whom he was repre-
hending rather severely for his igno-
rance—much more so than the boy
thought he would have done, had he
been the son of a *right honourable*, or
even of a plain Baillie Jarvie. " You
dunce !" exclaimed the rector, " I
don't think you can even translate the
motto of your own native place, of
the *gude* town of Edinburgh. What,
sir, does '*Nisi Dominus frustra*'
mean ?" " It means, sir," rejoined the
boy smartly, " that unless we are lords'
sons, we need not come here."

Tale from "Gay's Chair."

DAME Doleful, as old stories say,
Foresaw th' events of every day,
And tho' to Satan no relation,
Dealt largely in prognostication ;
Whatever accident befel,
She plainly could the cause foretell ;
A hundred reasons she could show,
And finish with—" I told you so !"

One day her son (a waggish youth)
Put on the serious face of truth,
And feigning sorrow, to her ran—
He thus his wondrous tale began :
' O mother !—mother !—What d'ye think ?
Letting old Dobbin out to drink,
Poor beast, he neigh'd and shook his mane,
And had such meagrimis in his brain,
That I did fear'—Dame stopped him short
Before half finished his report ;
" Ay, ay ; thy mother all foresees
Dobbin hath fall'n and broke his knees !
I knew how 'twas :—I told you so."
In vain her son replied. ' No, no :
Good mother, listen, hear me out—
As Dobbin, hungry, smelt about,'—
" Boy, I foresee what thou would'st say,
Dobbin hath eat—the rick of hay !"
' O worse than that !—He paw'd the ground,
And snorted, kick'd, and gallop'd round,
Then, wildly staring, ran to find
The stone on which our scythes we grind ;
And gnaw'd—and gnaw'd—ah, woe betide !
He ope'd his hungry chops so wide,
And look'd so ravenous, d'ye see,
I was afraid he'd swallow me !—
At last'—' Ay, ay, I'm not surprised,
'Tis what I all along surmised,—
I knew 'twould be—I heard him groan—
Dobbin hath eat—the GRINDING STONE !"

